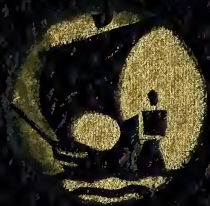


# ABROAD WITH MAYOR WALKER



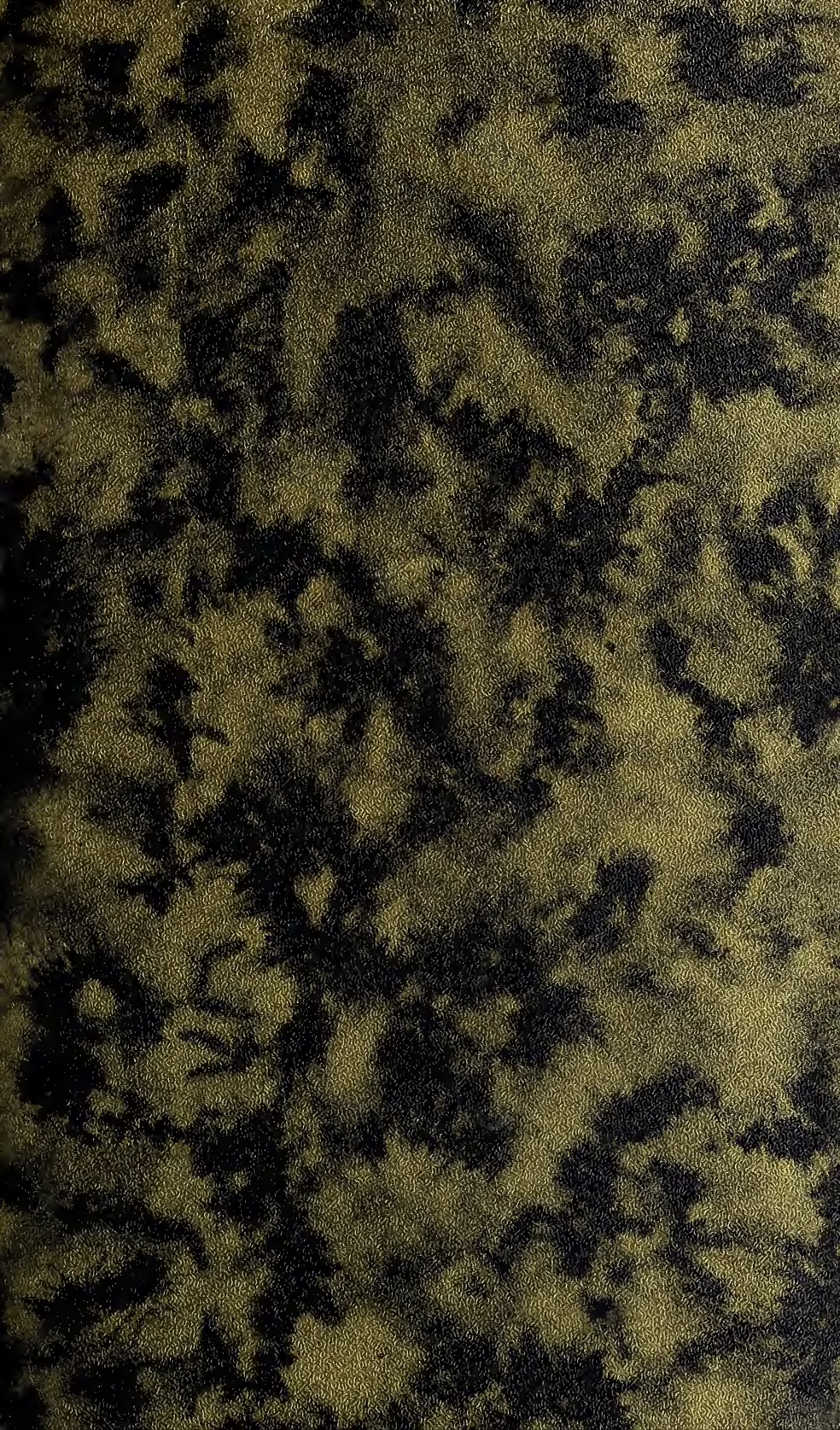
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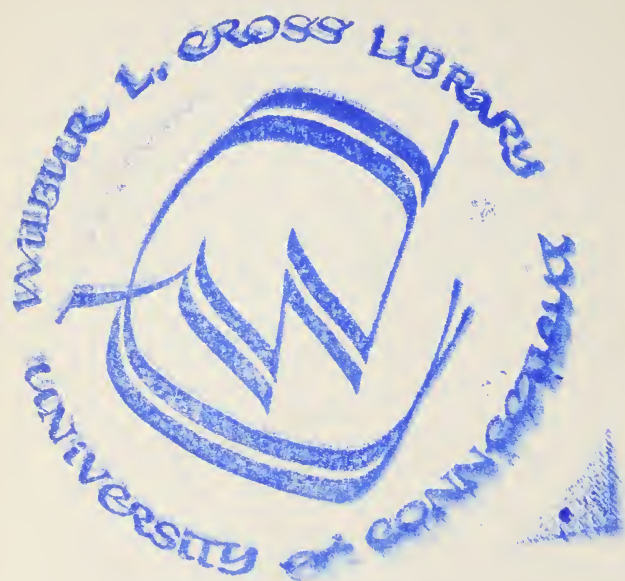
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Abroad with Mayor Walker,



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# ABROAD WITH MAYOR WALKER

Being a Veritable Account of the Voyage, as  
Unofficial Ambassador, of the Hon. James J.  
Walker, Mayor of New York, on his Hard-  
Working Vacation to the Charming  
Cities of London, Dublin, Castle-  
comer, Berlin, Munich, Baden-  
Baden, Venice, The Lido,  
Rome and Paris.



*By*  
HECTOR FULLER

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NEW YORK

APR 15 1969



*At the Vatican—The Mayor's Party After Being Received by Pope Pius XI.  
Monsignor Burke, Commissioner Wm. McCormack, the Pope's Chamberlain, the Author, Hon. James J. Walker,  
Monsignor Breslin, Mrs. James J. Walker, Miss Evelyn Wagner, Comm. Walter Herrick,  
One of the Papal Officials, Senator Bernard Doering.*

# ABROAD WITH MAYOR WALKER



*By*  
HECTOR FULLER



NEW YORK  
SHIELDS PUBLISHING Co., INC.

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# CONTENTS



CHAPTER	PAGE
FOREWORD .....	11
I. THE VOYAGE STARTS.....	17
II. ENGLAND .....	41
III. IRELAND .....	65
IV. LONDON AGAIN .....	87
V. GERMANY .....	97
VI. BADEN-BADEN AND MUNICH.....	111
VII. VENICE .....	123
VIII. ROME .....	141
IX. PARIS .....	183
X. WITH FACE TURNED HOMEWARD...	217
XI. A TIRED MAYOR HOME AMONG HIS OWN .....	229
XII. SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER .....	245



# *Dedication!*

*To*

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

*of the*

CITY OF NEW YORK

THIS VOLUME IS  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

Here is detailed a pleasant episode of the brilliant career of the man chosen as its Leader by the Democracy of New York; who, in his visit to the Old World, displayed to the full those eminent qualities of Democracy, Statesmanship, Geniality and Fidelity to the Spirit of Democracy, which won fame for himself and international honor for the City of which he is so able a Chief Executive.





## FOREWORD

BY THE AUTHOR

When the foreword to many a book is written, I think, the impulse back of it may be found in the, perhaps somewhat pardonable, vanity of the author. Pleading guilty to as much pride in authorship as other writers, I would still advance the right to insist that the keynote of this particular foreword is not pride, but humility!

For, whatever value the reader will find in this volume derives not from me but from my subject.

The visit of the Hon. James J. Walker to his father's home in Ireland; his reception in England, in Germany, in Italy and in France had about it the quality of uniqueness. From no other land than America could such a pilgrimage, with its peculiar significances, have been possible. Known for many years as "a land of opportunity" which is merely a phrase, how could such a slogan be translated more vividly into a living thing than by this epoch-making trip to the Old World made by the Mayor of New York?

Fixed forever, now, in the minds of Irishmen, Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians is, not a vision, but an actual picture of an Irishman emigrating from his distressed country; voyaging across the Atlantic with a coil of rope for his pillow, forcing his own way unaided by any influence, and by the sheer force of his personality and ability, so making a place for his son in the great City of New York, that that son might rise, at the age of forty-six, to be the Chief Executive of the City, the most popular Mayor of a metropolis of six million souls.

It was the very popularity of "Jimmy" Walker which caused this trip of his to be "front page" stuff; not alone in the newspapers of New York and the other cities of the United States, but also the quotidian feature of the leading journals in the capitals of Europe.

In the thousands of columns of news and pictures, printed in the newspapers of many languages while the trip of the Mayor was in progress, there was a marked tendency to dwell purely on his popularity.

There were supposed-to-be playful comments on his dress; there were good-natured gibes at his tardiness; there were not wanting innuendoes that the young man of "the sidewalks of New York," who had proved himself a popular songwriter and who was "hail-fellow-well-met" with all sorts and conditions of men from the Hook to Harlem and from the Bowery to Brooklyn, was simply out for a good time.

Some change came over the nature of all the comment as the trip proceeded and people came to see that Mayor Walker was devoting himself to serious problems in each of the foreign capitals he visited. But what was written and published in the daily press is but an ephemeral record.

Because it was inevitable that the press accounts day by day could not and did not tell the entire story, this fuller and unbiased tale of "Abroad with Mayor Walker" has been written. If it seems to the reader that the more serious side, the real working and more purposeful side of the trip is emphasized, the reason lies in the fact that this was the side of Mayor Walker's peregrinations that most impressed itself upon those who were with him. It is that earnest and thoughtful side of his character which gives the truest picture of the

Mayor of New York. I firmly believe this is the side of him that is most truly loved and admired and, to whatever heights his political aspirations may carry him, it is this phase of his character if properly understood by the people, which will help the people best to understand him. Naturally, therefore, I have, in the following pages, dwelt on and emphasized it.

It has been said that "familiarity breeds contempt". Few aphorisms are farther from the truth. "Abroad with Mayor Walker", I had the honor to be his guest. In the close confines of passenger ships, the narrow quarters of continental trains, in adjoining rooms in many hotel suites, it surely was given me to be in familiar contact with Mayor Walker. I know, then, and can speak with a certain authority of his great qualities as a host; of his fine, ever-present thoughtfulness for others; of his unselfish spirit; his desire to make everyone happy. I can truly testify that by the sheer joy of his personality he made sincere, admiring friends of all with whom he came in contact; but that these new friends, numbering among them some of the great people of the earth, never caused him for a moment to forget any one of the myriad friends he had left behind him.

The intimate picture of over six weeks in the life of such a man holds in it, I believe, a fine example; a sturdy inspiration for the rest of us. That is why I have ventured to set it down.

The picture may be weaker than I would have liked it to be; if so, the fault is mine. But I have striven hard to make the picture veritable and real, so that when you, dear reader, have concluded the book, you will see eye to eye with me, that while we have been "Abroad with Mayor Walker" we have been in company with a great man!



## CHAPTER I

# THE VOYAGE STARTS

Send-off by the Grand Street Boys—The Mayor's Goodbye  
Speech—What He Hoped to Accomplish—The Mayor's  
Guests on Board the *S. S. Berengaria*—Passing Mrs.  
Walker's God-Child in Mid-Ocean—His Honor  
as Referee—Dinner by Sir Arthur Rostron—  
The Truth About Early Dawn at Cher-  
bourg — The Mayor of South-  
ampton—England at Last!





## CHAPTER I

### THE VOYAGE STARTS

THERE is an old adage to the effect that many a man has to go away from home to find out what his neighbors think of him. No such prompting was it which caused the Hon. James J. Walker, Mayor of the City of New York, to take what he called "his vacation" visiting the great capitals of Europe.

He said he was off for a vacation; but he knew, and some of his intimates knew, that he was letting himself in for a hard six weeks of work, even if it was different work from that of the City Hall.

Mayor Walker and his wife, together with a selected party of friends, sailed on the *S.S. Berengaria* on August 10, 1927. The night before sailing, a bon voyage dinner was given to the Mayor by his cronies, the Grand Street Boys, at their Fifty-fifth Street clubhouse. It was a gala occasion; for the Mayor was amid 6,000 of his best friends, some of whom had known him from boyhood and had grown up with him. Others had known well, and loved and respected the Mayor's father who had landed in New York from Ireland as an immigrant; had made the most of his opportunities and, by his industry and ability, had paved the way for his son's rise to his present eminence.

Impressive speeches of farewell, all tinged with real affection, were made that night and, as a talisman for his voyage overseas, Justice Riegelmann presented to the Mayor on behalf of the Grand Street Boys, a golden scroll of the Ten Commandments written in Hebrew. Among the speakers that night were: Judge F. X. Mancuso, Justice

Edward Riegelmann, Paul Block, Judge Max Levine and Louis Mann, the noted actor. Harry Hershfield, the lovable cartoonist, was toastmaster.

The prominent members of the Grand Street Boys who were on hand that night to bid the Mayor God-speed were: Governor Alfred E. Smith, H. E. Patrick Cardinal Hayes, United States Senators Robert F. Wagner and Royal S. Copeland; Supreme Court Judges Aaron J. Levy, Thomas W. Churchill, Mitchell May, Albert Frankenthaler; Judges Otto A. Rosalsky, Martin T. Mantton, Samuel S. Koenig, Joseph F. Mulqueen, Cornelius F. Collins, W. Bernard Vause, Algernon I. Nova, Peter Schmuck, Gustave Hartman, Bernard L. Shientag, Henry Schimmel; Hon. Joseph V. McKee, Julius Miller, Charles W. Culkin, William T. Collins, Ferdinand Pecora, F. H. La Guardia, Sol Bloom, W. W. Cohen, Dr. William I. Sirovich, Albert Ottinger, Joseph Barondess, Henry M. Goldfogel, Joseph Levinson, Bernard Downing, Maurice Bloch, Grover A. Whalen, John H. McCooey, Dr. Louis I. Harris; Max D. Steuer, William Fox, David Sarnoff, Dr. Henry Moskowitz, Al Jolson, Sam H. Harris, B. K. Marcus and Abraham Bernstein, Secretary of the Grand Street Boys. The list might be extended to include nearly the entire roster of 6000 Grand Street Boys yelling themselves hoarse.

The keynote of that evening was "no politics and no business" but, in his speech, Judge Mancuso spoke of how the Mayor's vacations in the "old days" were taken by spending a night on an open east-side fire-escape. This gave Mayor Walker his cue; and in telling of what he hoped to be able to accomplish abroad, he said:

"I love my city more than anything else in the world, unless it be my country and my God. I

must, on my travels, earn the respect to which my city is entitled, and I promise you boys tonight, that I will think, look and act in terms of a public servant." How well Mayor Walker kept that promise, he who runs may read.

"There is one thing, particularly, I want to do," he said. "I think I have battled transit out of the way, and I vow I shall put buses on our streets, despite the combined officials of all the traction interests of the world. I will do everything I can for the greatest city in the world. But, and this is important, the Administration will be a failure, in my judgment, unless every one of our citizens has a decent, home-like place in which to live. It will never be the city of which you and I can be proud while there is living here one person for whose living conditions you must blush.

"Don't think, when I say this, that I hope to accomplish all this alone. That is obviously impossible. All I shall do is to mobilize the men. I will enroll such philanthropists as Paul Block, August Heckscher; also the East Side Chamber of Commerce. The result will be that your grandchildren will never know what it is like to spend a vacation night on a fire-escape."

\* \* \*

Next day, there was a preliminary trip to the *S.S. Berengaria*, as she lay at dock; the Captain, Sir Arthur Rostron, had invited the Mayor and his party to luncheon, aboard. This was particularly opportune for the photographic staffs of the New York newspapers, who had despaired of getting flashlight pictures of the Mayor coming aboard at night. So they made pretense that this coming aboard at noon was the actual start of the trip; and on hand were a squad of police and detectives and at least fifty photographers taking "stills" and

"movies." Up on the boat-deck the photographers asked the Mayor and Mrs. Walker to wave their hands as if they were actually departing.

"Do it once more, please, Mrs. Walker; wave your hand again."

"What is this?" laughed the wife of the Mayor, "a permanent wave?"

John J. MacIntyre, of the Cunard Line, begged His Honor and Mrs. Walker to have their picture taken looking through one of the *Berengaria's* life preservers. As the Mayor struggled into it, he remarked:

"This is the only thing that's not in the budget."

When it looked as if the newspapermen would keep the Mayor on board all the afternoon, Mrs. Walker linked her arm in his, saying:

"Come on, Jimmy, we haven't even packed yet!"

\* \* \*

It was eleven o'clock that night when the Mayor of New York City really embarked. He went on board with Mrs. Walker and the Hon. Grover A. Whalen, and the party had to fight its way through a crowd of several thousand enthusiastic people. Everybody was laughing and cheering; the Mayor's face was wreathed in happy smiles and Mrs. Walker fairly beamed with happiness.

The Imperial suite on the *Berengaria* was lined with flowers, piled high with gift books, crowded with baskets of fruit and boxes of candy. This famous and ornate suite, which once housed the Prince of Wales, was this night packed with such good friends of the Mayor as George V. Olvany, John H. McCooey, James F. Egan, secretary of Tammany; Judge McQuade; Police Commissioner Warren; the Mayor's brother, Dr. William Walker; Chief Police Inspector Lahey; William



*The Last View on Board the S.S. Berengaria Before the Mayor and His Party left New York. From left to right—Hon. Grover A. Whalen, Hon. Jas. J. Walker, Commissioner William McCormack, Mrs. Jas. J. Walker, Senator Bernard Downing, Miss Evelyn Wagner, Commissioner Walter Herrick, the Author.*



Egan, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal; the Mayor's Secretary, Edward L. Stanton; Julius Miller, President, Borough of Manhattan; James P. Sinnott, Secretary to the Police Department; Richard C. Patterson, Commissioner of Correction; Judge Max S. Levine; Commissioner of Accounts James A. Higgins; Edward I. Jannicy; George Collins, the Mayor's Executive Secretary; President George Byrnes of the Board of Assessors; Ex-Commissioner of Correction Frederick A. Wallis; Driscoll Tucker, Joseph Plunket, Chris. Bohnsack; Lieutenants Thomas O'Connor and John Howard and Patrolman Guerin of the City Hall bodyguard; Deputy Fire Commissioner Joseph M. Hannon, "Smoky Joe" Martin of the Fire Department; Leopold Phillip; Acting Mayor Joseph V. McKee, Barron Collier and countless others.

Even in spite of the crush the Mayor found time for one last official act. He wanted to swear in Joseph Goldstein, of 346 Argyle Road, Flatbush, as a city magistrate.

"Get me a Bible, someone," said the Mayor. The candidate for office, without a smile, produced one from his pocket.

"I see you came prepared," said Jimmy.

It was getting hot in the crowded room. Everyone was talking at once.

"You fellows look like business to me," he said and removed his coat.

"Are you going to kiss the Blarney Stone in Ireland, Jimmy?" someone said.

"It's not among the essentials," he replied. "Do you think I need it?"

All about the suite were comical cartoons and this legend oft repeated:

"In this presence."

"What does that mean?" he was asked.

He confessed he did not know, until Grover Whalen explained that this was a favorite phrase which the Mayor managed, all unconsciously, to work into nearly every speech he made.

Another phrase read:

"The Mayor's Committee on Farewell to a Distinguished Greenwich Villager and His Charming Lady."

Another placard described the Mayor's party going abroad with him, thus:

Bernard Downing, an East-Sider.

Walter Herrick, an animal trainer.

William McCormack, a gentleman.

Hector Fuller, an English sailor.

The Mayor moved up to the grand salon and on the platform made a speech in which he said he was going abroad as a salesman for New York. He remarked:

"I never would have believed there were so many people in New York so glad to see me go," and he added:

"I hope you'll be just as glad to see me get back!"

Later he said:

"Seriously, boys, one of the principal reasons I'm going over is to see our veterans of the World War foregather in Paris for this American Legion Convention. If I live to be a thousand, I'll never get the same thrill as I expect to get over there."

The Police Glee Club sang and the Firemen's Band played a new song composed by Irving Berlin. Everyone joined in the chorus:

*"Jimmy, we simply have to fall for—*

*One and all—for Jimmy;*

*And now we're singing for him,*

*'Cause we love him.*

## THE VOYAGE STARTS

*Who told Broadway not to be gay?  
Who gets his picture taken three times a day?  
Jimmy! We're very glad to show  
That we all know that Jimmy's doing fine.  
Can't you hear those old New Yorkers  
Hollering, Gimme, Gimme, Gimme,  
Jimmy for mine!"*

It really seemed as if the "Farewell" might be continued all night. Word had been privately passed around that although the *Berengaria* was slated to sail at midnight the state of the tide would prevent her sailing until dawn.

But, anyway, the ship's bell rang and "All ashore except passengers who are sailing," cried the stewards. The crowd began to thin out, but ere the people left they heard Jimmy's last words of farewell.

"There is not much more that I can say. You know how deeply and how affectionately I hold these tributes you have paid me tonight; I can only say, or rather paraphrase, an old saying, 'My New York, may she be always in the right, but right or wrong, my New York.'"

A little later, in his suite, the Mayor met many of the people who were to be his fellow voyagers on the *Berengaria*. Also a few belated ones who wanted to shake his hand. Among these was a dear, sweet old lady who brought her little daughter, a pretty child of ten, to shake hands.

"Sure he'll shake hands with you, my darlin'," said the old lady. "Isn't he the finest Mayor New York ever had?"

There was no mistaking her kind Irish heart.

And Jimmy, busy as he was with his personal friends, yet found time to take up the proud child in his arms.

"Isn't she sweet?" he said, and kissed her on her rosy cheek.

Amid the crowd was an old friend of mine, the distinguished actor, Tyrone Power, named after County Tyrone in Ireland. I asked the Mayor for the privilege of introducing him. "What!" he said: "Tyrone Power! Let me shake your hand. Why, God bless my soul, when I was a wee bit of a boy I used to beg a quarter from my Dad so that I might get up into the gallery of the old Academy of Music and hear you play Shakespeare. I am so glad to see you, Mr. Power; I've always thought you were my great ideal of a Shakespearean actor."

And the player, a genius of the stage, who has known laudation in many lands, turned from Mayor Walker's earnest encomiums, with grateful tears in his eyes.

\* \* \*

It almost goes without saying that the *Berengaria*, on this particular voyage, carried many friends of Mayor Walker's. But whatever number of friends he had on board when the *Berengaria* started, was immeasurably increased before the ship docked at Southampton. Among the first passengers he met on board were Mrs. Joseph L. Rhinock and her daughter, June, the widow and daughter of Joe Rhinock, an old Cincinnati friend of Mayor Walker's, who, up to the time of his death, had been connected with the Shuberts. Then, there was William F. Kenný, the well-known contractor, an intimate friend of Governor Alfred Smith's and of Jimmy Walker's, who was accompanied by Gerald Culkin, son of the Sheriff of New York, and by Joseph M. Hannon, Deputy Fire Commissioner; Kent Cooper, the clever and genial head of the Associated Press, who was always a welcome luncheon guest in Jimmy's suite

and who sent back to the United States daily bulletins of the happenings on board. There was also Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, who was always anxious to talk to the Mayor about his particular hobby of using Bryant Park as the site for the new Metropolitan Opera House. Among other notables with whom the Mayor and his party soon came in contact were Miss Hope Iselin Livermore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip W. Livermore, of 1105 Park Avenue, New York, who was making a trip in the tourist third class cabin section of the *Berengaria*, as a sort of society experiment which is becoming increasingly popular. She was accompanied by her brother, Philip G. Livermore. In Europe, they were to join their mother and younger sister, Miss Francesca Livermore. Other passengers of note were Judge Joseph S. Schwab, Judge Edward L. Davis; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene C. Pomeroy, and two daughters; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Collier, Walter H. Baker, George Grey Barnard, the noted sculptor, his wife and daughter; John T. Dorrance, of the Campbell Soup Company and his wife; Colonel John J. Byrne and wife; William H. Harkness and his son; Lynch Davidson; Robert C. Scripps, president of the Scripps-Howard newspapers; Lord Charles Cavendish; the Hon. Neal Don Becker, president of the Intertype Company; Miss Constance Morganstern, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hogan, Mrs. Esther Springarn, Captain and Mrs. S. Bayes Davey; L. C. de Rochmont, of the Pathe News; Miss Adele Leeds, Mrs. Bernice Costigan, Miss Dorothy Lawrence, Miss Venita Gould, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Williams, Mrs. Nancy Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Conyers; not forgetting George Mason, the ship's boxing instructor, with whom the Mayor was to get better acquainted during the voyage.

It would be hard to estimate the exact amount of money the Mayor laid out for radiograms during the first twenty-four hours of his eastward voyage. It kept the Mayor and Mrs. Walker and the entire Walker party busy sorting out the hundreds of gifts and opening the enormous congratulatory mail and reading the countless "Bon Voyage" radiograms and telegrams that had piled up on the Mayor's desk. I think that that first afternoon out, Mayor Walker kept no less than five secretaries busy, dictating answers to messages of congratulation and sending telegrams of thanks for the multifarious gifts he received. To any one not on board the *Berengaria* it must have seemed incredible—the instant popularity that followed Mayor Walker everywhere.

When he appeared on deck for his constitutional, Kent Cooper and other newspaper men on board made haste to set down the record of what costume he was wearing; the color of his tie, the angle at which he wore his hat. Here, for instance, is one cablegram that I saw sent to a New York newspaper:

"New York's well-dressed Mayor appeared on deck yesterday in a single-breasted brass-buttoned blue flannel coat, blue-striped white trousers, blue shirt and collar and black and white low shoes. And to top it off, his Panama hat had that 'Jimmy Walker' tilt."

The Mayor could hardly walk the length of the deck at any time without one or more people pressing upon him photograph albums to sign. Fond mothers set their children forward to get in his way so that they might shake hands with him, and for each of these he had a kindly word and a pleasant smile. Thus it was that, to evade these hundreds of eager eyes and this somewhat embar-

rassing too-ready friendship, the Mayor avoided the main dining salon of the *Berengaria* and took his meals in his private suite; the members of his party always being his guests.

At every luncheon it was inevitable that, just in the midst of the meal, one of the stewards would knock at the door and announce that Captain Sir Arthur Rostron would like to call on him. Whereupon would come the genial and smiling hero of the *Carpathia* and take his seat and give a nautical glint to the conversation.

Sir Arthur promised the Mayor, before we left New York, that he should have fair winds and a smooth sea; and each day as he came in he called attention to the fact of how well he was keeping his promise. As a matter of fact, it was an absolutely ideal voyage from beginning to end. The sea was like glass all the way across and there was never enough wind to ruffle milady's ringlets.

On the second day out, Sir Arthur Rostron sent down word that he had received a wireless from the German liner *New York*, the ship which Mrs. Walker, last year, went over to Hamburg to christen. The message to Captain Rostron bore the news that Mrs. Frederick Hauesler, of Toledo, Ohio, homeward bound from Germany, had given birth to a daughter on board the ship; the first child born on this new vessel. Captain Rostron said that the *S.S. New York*, although not in sight, was only a few miles away passing the *Berengaria*; and so Mrs. Walker at once sent a radiogram to Captain Graaf of the German liner, in which she said:

"Congratulations on the first visit of a trans-Atlantic stork to my god-child, the *S.S. New York*."

Not to be outdone, the Mayor addressed a radiogram to the happy mother on board the German liner, in which he said:

"Please accept our hearty congratulations and best wishes. May the first baby on the *S.S. New York* enjoy long life and continuous happiness."

Also Mrs. Walker radiogramed an order to a New York florist to send a huge bouquet of American beauty roses to Mrs. Hauesler when the *S.S. New York* arrived.

Because of the Mayor's popularity with everybody on board the ship, he was chosen, by unanimous consent, as auctioneer of the ship's pool on the first day out. It is almost needless to say how much fun the bidders had.

The bidding was going ahead with five-dollar raises right straight along until, all of a sudden, somebody astonished the crowd by raising the bid by fifty dollars.

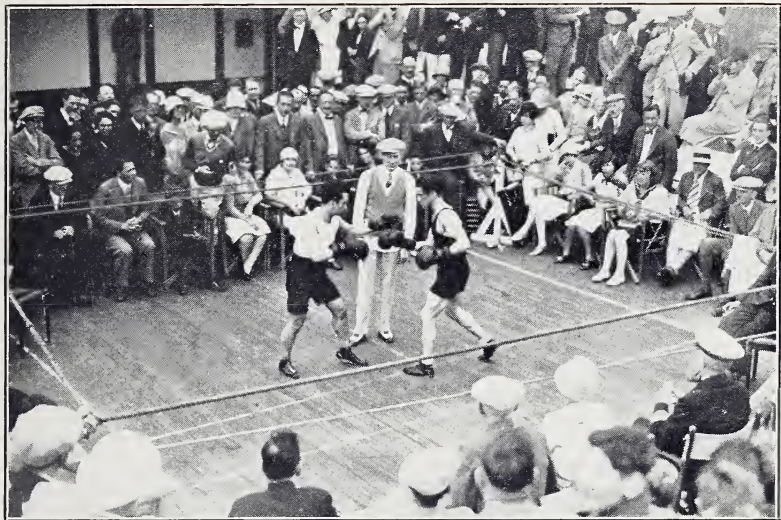
"Good for you" said the Mayor. "If you live in New York, I'll have your street repaved; and you're entitled to a season ticket to Central Park."

The Mayor bid his own number in and also purchased a number in Mrs. Walker's name, but neither of these was lucky and the pool, which totaled \$1500, was won by Robert C. Scripps of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers who, when he was paid off next day, sent down two cases of champagne to the Mayor's suite with a card attached, saying:

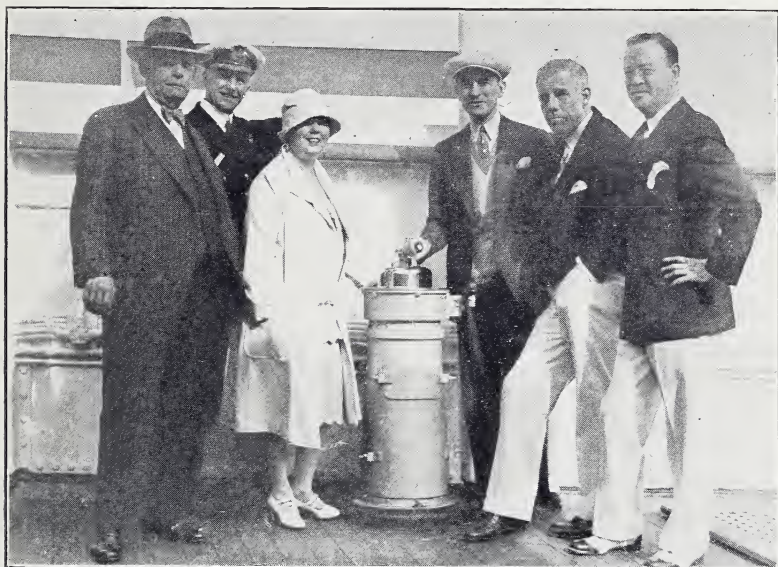
"Thanks to the auctioneer!"

A night later, and the duties of auctioneer fell to my lot, and it was my good fortune to sell the Mayor the lucky number that won the pool.

I regret very much to have to record the fact that, although the lucky winner was paid off at



*The Author of the Walker Boxing Law Refereeing Friendly Boxing Bouts  
Aboard the S.S. Berengaria*



*Sir Arthur Rostron, Captain of the Berengaria, Invites His Honor to the  
Bridge to Help in the Navigation of the Ship*



noon next day, the humble auctioneer looked in vain for any two cases of champagne in *his* room.

Next afternoon a 24-foot ring was pitched on the open deck and all of the passengers were treated to a series of mighty good boxing bouts. The contestants were members of the crew. There were four good bouts besides a blindfolded battle royal in which the rosy-cheeked page boys of the ship were the contestants. The bouts which the Father of the Walker Boxing Law refereed were:

Fred Welsh vs. Pat Vigar, at 160 pounds.

Joe Long vs. Willie Bishop, at 140 pounds.

Cyclone Russell vs. Special Delivery Stump,  
at 154 pounds.

Henry Gollivet vs. George Mason, at 126  
pounds.

Curiously enough, the good-natured referee decided in each instance, that the bout was a draw, and there was no "boo-ing" in the decisions.

Before the bouts began, the Mayor went up to see his friend George Mason, in charge of the gymnasium, who was going to take part in one of the bouts; he was formerly in the champion light-weight class before he retired from the ring. However, that did not daunt Jimmy from putting on the gloves with him and after sparring a lively two and three rounds, Jimmy shot out a stinging left, a little bit too hard for a friendly bout, which caught George Mason on the nose and brought tears to his eyes. One can hardly blame him if, almost involuntarily, he retaliated with a left-hand upper cut that caught the Mayor in the stomach and nearly doubled him up for the rest of the day. George Mason apologized and the Mayor laughed.

Of course, it was foreordained that the Mayor should be chosen as referee of the boxing contest and, presumably because I have done a good deal

of announcing in connection with the Mayor's functions at City Hall, I was chosen as the announcer. It gave me great pleasure to announce that the Mayor was going to act as referee at the bout and I introduced him as "the father of New York's boxing laws and the first mid-Atlantic Mayoral referee." I also announced that after the bouts were over, Mrs. Walker would head a committee of ladies who would take up subscriptions from the spectators; the money to go to the Fund for Disabled Seamen.

The Mayor was dressed appropriately for this occasion, attired in the regulation referee uniform: a white sweater, a checkered cap, black and white shoes. He moved about the ring where the boxing was going on, quite like an old hand and certainly refused to allow any of the boxers to remain too long in clinches. Then, while the last bout was going on, Mrs. Walker and her fellow-workers passed among the passengers with baskets and collected quite a generous sum for the Seamen's Fund.

In the evening, Captain Sir Arthur Rostron was a host at a formal dinner in honor of the Mayor. Those who sat down to the Captain's table were: Mayor and Mrs. Walker, Mr. Gerard Culkin, Mr. Bernard Downing, Mr. Joseph M. Hannon, Mr. Walter Herrick, Mr. W. F. Kenny, Mr. Wm. F. McCormack, Mr. Kent Cooper, the Captain, and myself.

Whether or not Captain Rostron had tipped off the members of the orchestra or not, the fact remains that as we entered the dining room, the band struck up the tune of that popular song Jimmy Walker wrote many years ago, "Will You Love Me in December As You Do in May?"

Later, the Mayor was asked by Sir Arthur Rostron to act as distributor of the prizes for the tourists' class deck sports and, of course, he complied. It was a great occasion for happiness. The first prize went to a little ten-year-old girl and the Mayor placidly said:

"Well, I'll deliver this prize to you, my child, if you'll give me a kiss."

Very shyly and modestly she performed the ceremony. The next little girl to receive a prize was a trifle older, but the Mayor, nothing daunted, made the same stipulation, and received the same reward.

"When's this going to stop?" asked Mrs. Walker laughingly, as she looked on.

It did not stop until the Mayor had awarded ten prizes and had received grateful kisses from ten pretty girls, some of them a good deal older than ten. Finally, it turned out that one of the prizes was to be awarded to a good-looking young man, and the Mayor, who evidently believes in "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," told Mrs. Walker that it was now her turn, and he expressed considerable astonishment at the fervent manner in which she performed her part.

Sunday was the birthday of State Senator Bernard Downing, the man who succeeded Mayor Walker as leader of the Democratic minority in the Senate and who was a close friend of Mayor Walker's father. Jimmy Walker arranged a special birthday dinner for his old friend, and the only outsiders invited to the dinner were Captain Rostron and Kent Cooper. The celebration was held in a private dining room.

The little birthday dinner was without particular ceremony, but at its conclusion the Mayor made a very touching and tender speech, linking the

names of his father and of Senator Downing. He said:

"I am crossing the ocean tonight in the Imperial suite of this wonderful ship, but I can't help but remember that there was a man, my father, who crossed this ocean with a coil of rope for his pillow, and how he would rejoice tonight were he alive to do honor to you, Senator Downing. As his representative, and speaking in the name of him who struggled in the new world that I might today be thus traveling with you, it is my proud opportunity to do homage to you and to him who loved you as dearly as I do."

Senator Downing was deeply moved and in a speech vibrant with emotion he recalled the names of many of his friends abroad and at home: he told of his happiness in being able to serve the State and to work side by side with Mayor Walker for the benefit of the City of New York; and he said that while doing what he could in public life the deep regret was that his mother and father, as well as his dear friend, Mayor Walker's father, were no longer here to befriend and inspire him.

Naturally, this birthday dinner consumed much more time than we usually took for a meal, and as a consequence we had given no thought to the auctioning of the ship's pool that night, though I had been designated as auctioneer.

The hour being late, it was quite natural to suppose that the proceeding had gone on without us and that probably our numbers in the pool had been sold, and the affair all over by this time.

When we moved up from the dining salon to the smoking room, we found everyone awaiting our arrival.

It had been the custom of the head steward of the Smoking Room always to reserve a table for

the Mayor and his party directly in front of the stand where the auctioneer stood and, to our surprise, this table with its chairs turned up, was still waiting for us. Everybody seemed to be in a good humor, however, so we took our seats and in order not to waste any time, I at once proceeded to start the auction.

You can imagine my surprise when I had hardly started to announce the range of numbers that the *Berengaria* had made in miles on her last five previous voyages when I was interrupted by a voice from the forward end of the room, which cried very shrilly and distinctly:

"Well, look here, I say; I don't care whether it's the Lord Mayor of New York or any other Lord Mayor; I don't quite see why we should all be kept waiting until here it is nearly eleven o'clock to give this auction. I, for one, am not in the habit of waiting on the pleasure of Lord Mayors."

There was more than a note of querulousness in the voice; there was a suspicion of anger, and it made the situation so delicate that I was more than a little embarrassed. However, I started to say something; I think I was about to apologize for our tardiness, when Jimmy, feeling that the objection was directed mainly against himself, rose to his feet and said:

"Excuse me, Hector. I'd like to say a word."

With a broad smile on his face, a smile which captivated all who came within its influence, the Mayor was at pains to explain the fact of his little birthday dinner to Senator Downing and made a graceful but by no means humble apology for the delay and ended with the statement:

"Of course I had no idea that this auction thing was conducted on stock exchange principles. I thought it was merely a recreation among gentle-

men," and with that, he sat down amid the applause of those in the Smoking Room.

Well, it seems that the rather irascible old gentleman was not quite appeased and he showed it during the progress of the auction by bidding a bit high on most of the numbers, with the result that this was the largest pool during the entire voyage.

I should hardly think this incident was worthy of mention save for the pleasant consequences that ensued. The next morning the Englishman took pains to introduce himself to Mayor Walker when he met him on deck and after some conversation and some mutual explanation it ended in their becoming very fast friends, each with a very definite respect for the other.

Some way or another the conversation between the two men happened to turn on flowers of which Mayor Walker is a great admirer. This struck a responsive chord in the Englishman's breast. He had introduced himself as Mr. C. Peto Bennett and explained that he was a lumber merchant in England. He said to the Mayor:

"You will never really understand or appreciate England and its beauties unless you see a perfect English rose garden. I have one of the finest rose gardens in all of England and I should like to show it to you. This is the time of the year when we are assured of beautiful weather in England and if it will not interfere too much with your plans, I wish you would let me wire to my home and I will have automobiles sent around to meet us at the dock, so that you and your entire party can drive up from Southampton to London and, on the way, we can turn aside for a moment to my summer home; and I promise to show you the prettiest children and the finest roses that England can produce."

## THE VOYAGE STARTS

Jimmy Walker is not easily turned aside from plans that are already made, but it did not seem of very much importance to him whether we went up to London on the boat train or took this delightful excursion through the country. And so, they shook hands upon the bargain and that is the way we went to London. The only ill consequences of this move on the Mayor's part was the utter bewilderment of the London and Southampton reporters, and perhaps the chagrin of a number of gentlemen in London who had arranged to stage a reception at Waterloo Station at which the Mayor's train was supposed to arrive. It turned out afterward that these gentlemen had waited for over an hour for the Mayor's train and, when it came, they couldn't understand why the Mayor was not aboard.

\* \* \*

The next night it was Mayor Walker's duty to preside at the usual ship's concert, which is always given by such talent as can be scraped up aboard-ship, after which a subscription is taken from the passengers and the money donated to the Fund for Disabled Seamen. The concert was a huge success and when it came time for the Mayor to officiate, instead of at once beginning to plead for funds for the seamen, he made an eloquent speech commending Sir Arthur Rostron, Captain of the *Beren-garia*, for his care of the ship and its passengers, and for the great part he had played in adding to the pleasure of the voyage. He also alluded in pleasing terms to the heroism displayed by Sir Arthur, when, as Captain of the *Carpathia*, he had gone to the rescue of the ill-fated *Titanic* and safely brought the survivors of that wreck into New York harbor.

Before he retired for the night, knowing that on the morrow we were to touch at Cherbourg and later in the morning to reach Southampton, our old friend Kent Cooper, of the Associated Press, asked the Mayor to give him his impressions of the voyage; and this is the statement he made:

"At the end of this trans-Atlantic voyage on a placid sea, any Democrat may lull himself with the assurance that the whole world is going democratic. For that means that the skies were blue, friends were kindly, life was restful and agreeable. If our Board of Estimate ever met on this ship, what a chance there would be for real agreement, for even the elements have contributed to the harmony."

It was half past five next morning when it was announced that we were nearing the Harbor of Cherbourg. And a boat came off bearing the Mayor of Cherbourg, the president of the Chamber of Commerce; Samuel Hamilton Wiley, United States Consul to Cherbourg; the United States Consul from Southampton and Mayor P. V. Bowyer, Lord Mayor of Southampton. Of course, the Cherbourg officials were very anxious to see the Mayor, so, in spite of the early hour, he was aroused and the officials were shown into the parlor of the Imperial Suite. These officials had only a few moments to stay as the *Berengaria* must soon be on its way; and as soon as Mayor Walker was awakened he slipped into dressing gown and slippers and came into the salon to meet his guests. Of course there were newspaper men and photographers aboard and naturally they lost no opportunity of taking snapshots of the Mayor of New York in his unprofessional gown; but it did seem a pity that, in the stories which were sent back to New York about the Mayor of New York having received the Mayor of Cherbourg in his pa-

jamais, they all failed to mention the ungodly hour at which the visit from the shore was made.

Lord Mayor Bowyer of Southampton traveled from Cherbourg to Southampton with us, and as he had seen the embarrassment of Mayor Walker when he had received the Mayor of Cherbourg in negligee, he asked me to say to the Mayor that he would officially receive him in the dining salon at twelve o'clock.

Mayor Bowyer proved to be a wonderful "hail-fellow-well-met" individual. He had brought on board with him his mace bearer and his oar bearer; two men clad in silk hats decorated with gold bands, one of whom bore a huge silver mace which weighed at least twenty pounds; and the other, a huge silver oar symbolic of the Arms of the City of Southampton. Mayor Bowyer himself donned the great golden chain of his office and, flanked by his two officials, took his stand in the dining salon surrounded by many of the Southampton aldermen who had come over to Cherbourg with him; and the greeting accorded the Mayor of New York when he came in was strictly official and tremendously dignified.

The usual speeches of felicitation made, the Mayor of Southampton insisted on opening a bottle of champagne with which to drink the health of our Mayor in welcoming him to England. They got along famously together and had luncheon in the Mayor's suite, before preparing to go ashore.



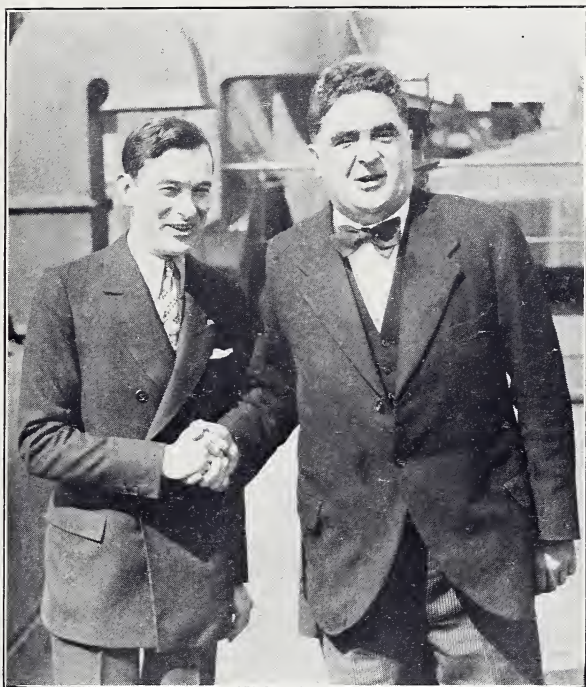
## CHAPTER II

# ENGLAND

Newspaper Men at Southampton Docks — "Welcome to Old  
England, Your Worship!" — Visit to England's Old-  
est Cathedral — Inviting Wayside Inns — An  
Ideal English Country Home—The Rose  
Garden in Twilight—Along Father  
Thames — The Vision of  
St. Paul's—Mayfair







*Two Mayors Shake Hands—His Honor and Lord Mayor  
Bowyer of Southampton, England*



## CHAPTER II

### ENGLAND

OUR arrival at Southampton was so full of incident that one's memories of it are a somewhat confused panorama in which are mixed the business of hurried packing, the health examination by the doctors of the port; hearty farewells to fellow-voyagers and hasty visits to the deck, climbing over mountains of accumulated baggage to catch glimpses of the white cliffs of Albion.

Mayor Bowyer of Southampton stuck close to Mayor and Mrs. Walker, and as this was his home port he was able to point out the many points of interest as we neared them, the entrance to the Solent; the buildings of the Royal Yacht Club; the various forts and so on.

Early, we were boarded by a host of newspaper men, among them G. D. Mitchell of the *Westminster Gazette*; representatives of the Southampton press; Allen Raymond, London correspondent of the *New York Times*, and many others. With these, came for an official greeting, Mr. John M. Savage, U. S. Consul at Southampton.

We had no trouble at all with our luggage, as the Mayor's valet took charge of it on the deck, after each of us had identified it and saw it safely on its way to London.

For ourselves, we ignored the boat-train to London, which was drawn up and waiting so that passengers could practically step directly from the ship to the train, because, right on the dock was the

fleet of automobiles—huge Daimler cars—which had been ordered by our host to drive us up to London.

And there he was, Mr. C. Peto Bennett, on the dock with his little army of chauffeurs eager to help us off. An immense crowd had gathered on the dock and seemed to recognize the Mayor of New York for it cheered him to the echo and pressed forward in such numbers to grasp his hand that it was hard work getting to the machines. The police were very helpful in forcing a passage for the Mayor, but even they so far relaxed in their dignity to give Jimmy a formal salute and to murmur:

“Welcome to Old England, Your Worship!”

There was a final handshake with Southampton’s Lord Mayor, a last wave of the hand from Captain Sir Arthur Rostron on the bridge, and we were off.

It was one of those beautifully rare English August days, a mellow sun, air laden with perfume of the meadows, a kindly, earthy aroma very grateful to senses saturated with the salt air of a voyage.

Only a few moments to pass through the old streets of Southampton, rolling through one of those ancient gates, relics of the days when Southampton was a walled city, and so out into the beautiful country. Such a wonderful lush green in the fields; such neatly trimmed hedges, quaint inn signs and thatched cottages, then into Winchester, redolent of many memories; the city that was the capital of England even before London was founded.

Through its narrow, tortuous streets we had to drive slowly until we came to the Cathedral Close with its stately elms and its spreading oaks, hundreds of years old, at whose feet the tiny, but sparkling river Itchen flows.

Thus, we came to the main gate of Winchester Cathedral, the oldest cathedral in all England, and there the Mayor cried a halt, for he could not pass it by. It was Mayor Walker's first visit to this ancient place of worship, the massive, iron-studded oaken doors of which still show the scars left by the battle-axes of Cromwell's Ironsides, when they besieged the place. As we walked across the beautifully-kept graveyard beneath the pleasant shade of the mighty trees, the Mayor took my arm. As, together, we crossed the threshold, I ventured to remark:

"This moment is full of memories for me. The last time I crossed this threshold, I was in the uniform of the King's Royal Rifles; we were marching in to divine service to the rhythmic beat of the regimental drums."

We had time only for a hasty look around, to see the grim statue of William the Conqueror and to read hastily some one or two of the many hundred memorial tablets which adorn the walls, in sacred memory of officers and men whose bodies lie unmarked on battlefields in India, Afghanistan, in South Africa, in many lands that were once the waste places of the earth.

And, coming out into the sunlight, we paused to read the slow-fading inscriptions on some of the moss-covered tombstones above the graves. One of them caused a smile even in so grim a place, for it read:

IN MEMORY OF

THOMAS THETCHER

A Grenadier in the North Reg't of Hants Militia, who  
died of a violent Fever contracted by drinking  
Small Beer, when hot the 12th of May, 1764

AGED 26 YEARS

In grateful remembrance of whose universal  
good will towards his Comrades, this Stone  
is placed here at their expense, as a small  
testimony of their regard and concern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,  
Who caught his death by drinking cold Small Beer;  
Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,  
And when you're hot, drink Strong or none at all.

This memorial being decayed, was restored by the Officers of  
the Garrison, A.D. 1781—

An honest soldier never is forgot,  
Whether he die by Musket or by Pot.

This stone was placed by the North Hants  
Militia when disembodied at Winchester, on  
26th of April, 1802, in consequence of the  
original stone being destroyed.

WINCHESTER THETCHER MEMORIAL

Later, in the town, we found that this inscription  
had been photographed on souvenir post-cards and  
we bought many of these to send back to our friends  
in our home country where "small beer" is only  
a fragrant memory.

Passing the great barracks where, still, the  
King's Royal Rifles are quartered, we took our  
way past the huge statue of Alfred the Great and  
out, under that ancient city gate in the tower of  
which there still hangs what purports to be the  
original Round Table about which sat King Arthur  
and his Knights, Sir Launcelot, Sir Bedivere and  
all that noble company.

And so, into the open country again, with the  
long ribbon of white road stretching northward

to London town through smiling fields radiant with many blooms. If that drive was a sheer delight after so many days at sea, it was not unalloyed; on the way we were forced to pass many dusty and weary-looking pedestrians, most of them with a poor bundle of clothing slung over their shoulders at the end of a stout stick, and there was a sad feeling at the heart as you noticed that some of these men, who scarcely looked up as we passed, were minus an arm, or else made their way with a painful limp. It seemed so hard to realize, in the face of this orderly and placid countryside, that these men tramping by the roadside, were some of the victims of the world conflict out of which, by the grace of God, England had just emerged with her life.

But the birds were singing, the farmers were contentedly at work in their fallow fields and the sun was glorious. And we passed, by the country road-side, quaint old inns with thatched rooftrees and quaintly painted signs such as "The Gorgon's Head," "The Bull and Buttercup" and "The Full Moon," which might have come straight from a page in Dickens.

One of the prettiest of these country inns was called "The Ship" and the picture of an old frigate swung in front of it. Through the half-open door, we caught a glimpse of gleaming pewter pots. There were chintz curtains in the windows and there was a pretty English bar-maid standing smiling at the door.

No, it was not in human nature to resist! Jimmy had gone on ahead, but we knew our chauffeur could catch him up; so, in we went, only to find that there was a legend about this very inn being the place where Lord Nelson first met Lady Hamilton. The pretty bar-maid had the story at her

tongue's end and she loved to tell it, while she drew a pint of "bitter"; but though we had always the idea that it was at Palermo where the hero of Trafalgar met the Circe, who was the wife of the Ambassador to the Sicilies, no one, with the taste of that British "bitter" in his throat, would have the heart to gainsay it.

Goodbye, "Ship Inn." Shall we ever sail into your friendly harbor again?

\* \* \*

An hour more, and along the road we noticed how, not unlike the American suburbs, the countryside was being built up with so-called "developments"—brick houses going up, row after row; streets laid out and lots marked off for sale—sure signs of England's need for homes. Only a few short years from now, alas, all this road from Southampton to London will be like one continuous street.

The road leads over what is known as the "Hog's Back," an elevated ridge from which the green fields, contrasted here and there with a field or two all bright gold with growing mustard, stretch away into the illimitable distance; and so, into Sussex.

We turned from the high road, in the somber beauty of the falling afternoon, into the beautiful lanes and shaded byways of Cobham, and then, through massive gates and past the porter's lodge, into the country estate of Mr. C. Peto Bennett. The Mayor and the rest of the party were there before us!

Here was the ideal of a mansion of an English country gentleman. A red-brick, white-stone trimmed Elizabethan house, with Gothic doorways and mullioned windows; its roofs set off with artistic gables and with a broad, sweeping marble stair-

way leading up to the front door, over the lintel of which hung the coat of arms of the family.

Standing in the doorway with outstretched hands was our host, no longer the querulous objector of the *Berengaria's* smoking-room, but the very archetype of all that British hospitality exemplifies.

Truly, as he had told the Mayor, the house was set in the midst of one of the most beautiful rose gardens in England, and the place was aflame with myriads of many-colored blossoms whose fallen petals carpeted the beds. Smooth lawns, acres in extent, stretched away on either hand. Indeed, a garden of delight!

And best of all was to see, on the broad veranda, Mrs. Peto Bennett with her silvery hair, and gathered about her, the sons and daughters, long-limbed and fresh of face, and the little grandchildren of the family, all smiling a true English welcome to us.

There, amid the scent of roses, was tea for those who desired it; and cool crystal glasses with ice in them; and from his ample cellars our jovial host ordered up champagne so that our healths, with a royal welcome to England, might be proposed.

We soon were to learn that Mr. Bennett had spent his years travelling all over the globe and his rooms were filled with trophies of his Odysseys. He showed us models of his clipper ships which had brought to the British markets strange and rare woods from many lands; there were silken rugs from Samarkand and Persia; carpets from India; cabinets filled with rare jade and porcelain from China; ivories from Japan; treasures from the world over, with which to feast the eye.

That was a rare hour we spent in that garden of peace and delight. Our hostess filled the arms

of Mrs. Walker with the finest roses from her garden; our host pressed his hospitality upon us.

"Don't forget to drop in and see me in London," he said, as we reluctantly drove away. "You'll always find me at 24-28 Lombard Street—and the latch-string's always out."

All gathered on the front lawn, even the tiny grandchildren and the dog, to bid us "God-speed," and though we were all of us a bit anxious to get to London, we were, I am sure, loath to leave.

But was not this entire episode a wonderful criterion of how Jimmy, making an acquaintance under circumstances which, to say the least, were not particularly happy, was able, by the sheer force and charm of his personality, to turn acquaintanceship into real friendship?

And, so, we left our friends!

Slowly the dusk fell as we approached London from the southward. First, there were glimpses of old Father 'Thames, and then canal-locks filled with pleasure boats and happy holiday makers. Then we got into the realm of buses and of crowded tramways and streets ever growing more thronged with people; and London "bobbies," white-gloved, waving us on at every corner. We crossed a bridge and through the gathering haze made out the stately tower which houses "Big Ben" of the Houses of Parliament; the 'Thames Embankment and Cleopatra's Needle and then, high up, it seemed, there came into view the stately dome of St. Paul's; the roar of the great city; we were in London at last!

We drove straight to the Mayfair Hotel, where Mr. Herbert Adam Gibbons, London representative of Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, who had very kindly put the entire resources of his Travel Department at our disposal, had reserved rooms. For-

tunately for us, as we were rushed for time, if we had disappointed Sir Charles Higham, Sir William Crawford, Horace Imber, and the other members of the London Advertising Association who had gathered at one of the stations to meet us at the boat-train; we had also disappointed the great horde of newspaper men who, not finding us on the train, were at a loss as to where to look for us.

Our luggage had arrived all safely and was in our rooms, so that we were able to change clothes, have dinner quietly up in the suite and get away to the Carlton Theater to see the musical show, "Lady Luck," for which the well-known comedian, Laddie Cliff, a great friend of Mayor Walker's had placed boxes at our disposal.

It was a good show, full of harmony, good dancing, rollicking songs and rare good humor. After the show, we went back on the stage to congratulate the members of the company and they insisted on taking us for supper to the Cafe de Paris, just off Leicester Square. This is one of the eminently respectable cabaret shows of London, the sole entertainment provided being by Teddy Brown's Band and by a very talented American girl, Miss Aileen Stanley, who, during the supper hour, sings half a dozen songs.

It must have been one of the members of the "Lady Luck" Company who gave the cue to Teddy Brown's Band that it might be a nice compliment to the Mayor of New York if they would play his well-known song, "Will You Love Me in December As You Do in May," and so, much to the Mayor's astonishment, they essayed to play it. After going through it once, with many uncertain notes here and there in the tune, Miss Aileen Stanley took her place on the platform and tried to sing the words of the well-known chorus; but the

attempt was not eminently successful as the singer and the orchestra seemed to be working at cross purposes and one or the other was always a beat or two ahead or behind.

"Oh, heavens," said Jimmy, "they're murdering the piece."

I noticed that there was a piano in the orchestra and so I suggested that, in justice to himself, the Mayor ought to play the accompaniment of the old song so that the hundreds of people in the Cafe who had listened to it so badly played, might really hear as it ought to be. I asked the orchestra leader if the Mayor might be allowed to use the piano and he gladly assented; whereupon, I made the announcement, which was received with tremendous applause, that the author of the song they had just heard would take pleasure in playing the accompaniment of it so that Miss Aileen Stanley might sing it. So, Jimmy took his place at the piano and the song was really sung as it should have been sung in the first place. There were many cries of "encore" and the Mayor took a bow and played it over again, and this time practically everybody in the cabaret stood up and joined in the chorus.

It was a very happy conclusion to a very happy day.

Our first day in England. Most of the morning the Mayor spent in giving interviews to the newspaper men, who had at last found him. They seemed to be vastly impressed with the Mayor's youth. Most of the stories next day tried to excuse the reporters for having missed him on his landing, by some such statement as the following taken from a London paper:

"Mr. James J. Walker, Mayor of New York, is one of the youngest Mayors of great

cities, and he was evidently alert enough to outwit the reporters who pursued him for an interview on his arrival in Southampton. For so young a man the position is the more remarkable, since the Mayor of New York holds a broader and more autocratic sway than that of any English Lord Mayor. His authority is more comparable to that of the powers of the Lord Mayor of London and Chairman of the London County Council in one. Even so, the simile fails, since the political organization in New York to which the Mayor owes his appointment is far more highly organized than in London."

And then, of course, these brilliant young newspaper men had something pleasant to say about Mrs. Walker, who, while the Mayor was scheduled to be the guest of honor at a luncheon given to him by the American Club, was to be the guest of honor also at the American Women's Club. Take the following extract from the London Daily Sketch, typical of the way the London newspapers treated the wife of New York's Mayor. The Daily Sketch said:

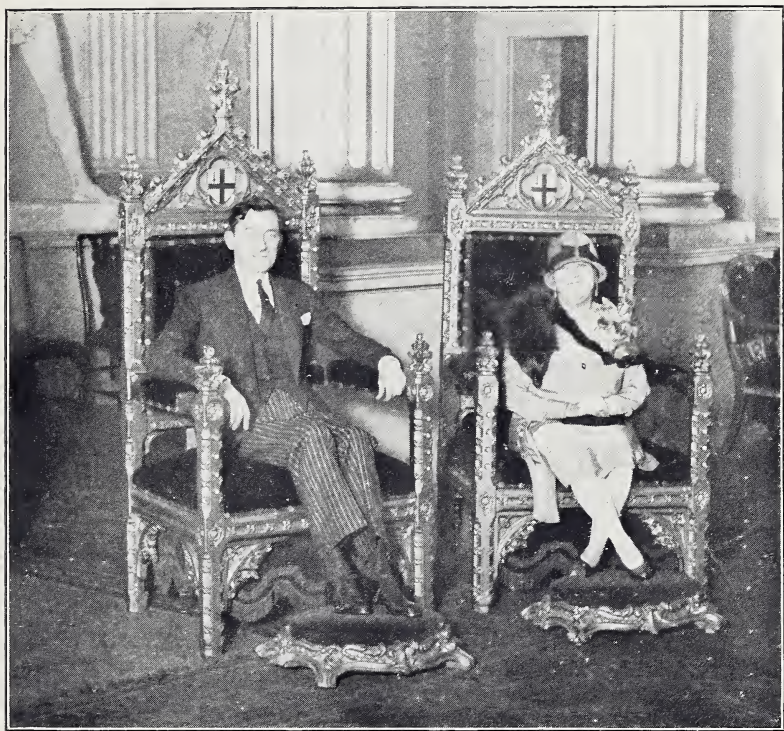
"Mrs. James Walker looks so young and care-free that I am inclined to think the Mayoress of New York cannot have such a strenuous time as our lady Mayoress. Dark and petite, she has the smallest feet I have ever seen. Indeed, Mrs. Walker confessed to wearing "ones." Her 'cinderellas' were neatly encased in gun-metal shoes. This is not Mrs. Walker's first visit to London. She was over here eighteen months ago, and told me she was delighted to find that the Mayfair where she is staying has not yet been transformed by sky-scrappers. 'I love New York,'

Mrs. Walker said; 'for I have spent nearly all my life there, but I should like London to stay London.' "

To the newspaper men, who had gathered in his suite, the Mayor dwelt on the serious side of his visit not only to London but also to the other cities which he hoped to visit. He was particularly emphatic about his study of the housing question. He told the London newspaper men:

"We realize as you do, on this side, the vital importance of this matter. It is looming very largely with us at the moment and though, unfortunately, there will be very little time at my disposal in London I hope to take this opportunity of studying what is being done in England. I hope, also, to be able to discuss this problem with some big men in Ireland and later, in Berlin, Munich and Rome; and, I hope to be in a position to obtain some useful information on the matter that may be considered by the New York municipal authorities."

Asked for his impressions of London, as it seems today compared with what it was when he paid it a visit as State Senator of New York State, the Mayor commented on the striking architectural features of some of the recently constructed buildings of importance and remarked that the new buildings, as well as the widening of some of London's streets and the straightening out of some of the curves, showed marked evidence of progress. He also remarked that he wondered what he could learn about the traffic problems of London that would apply to New York. He told the London newspaper men that New York had been paying a great deal of attention lately to the establishment of adequate bus service and he hoped, as a result



*His Honor and Mrs. Walker Seated in the Semi-Royal Throne Chairs in the Mansion House, Official Residence of the Lord Mayor of London*



of tests now in progress, to have a thousand buses in operation in New York City, within a year.

"I certainly want to see a good deal more of London buses," he added.

There was a great gathering of prominent Americans in London when Mayor Walker arrived at the American Club. Among some of the notable guests present were Mr. Gordon Selfridge, the American proprietor of one of the largest dry-goods establishments in London; Sir Charles Higham, London's leading advertising man; Mr. Wilson Cross, president of the Club and Mr. Ray Atherton, Secretary; Lieut-Col. Kenyon A. Joyce, Military attaché, representing the American Embassy; Mr. H. Lee Washington, Consul General of the United States; Sir A. Shirley Benn, M.P.; Mr. Robert Grant, Jr.; Mr. D. Campbell Lee; Mr. L. C. Stowell, president of Dictaphone Corp.; Major Segrave; Judge Malone; Judge Kellogg; Commander Herrick; Messrs. William Gourley, E. B. Lane, G. Cassatt, F. H. Pierpont, R. H. Cabell, E. P. Carpenter, and Carroll Downes.

The luncheon was presided over by the American Club's president, Mr. Wilson Cross, who in a very happy speech said:

"I want Mr. Walker to know that the people over here in this country are great. A good many Americans come over here and criticize the English for this and that and the other, but chiefly on the score of their being so slow. After all, it is only a difference of temperament. In America, it's a running race; in England, it's a walking race. If you walk in a running race, you are beaten; and if you run in a walking race, you are disqualified, and the English play the game that way."

The speech of the Mayor, in reply, was very largely jocular, although, with great seriousness, he thanked the people of England for their hospitality. He referred to himself as "the only 125 pound Mayor in the world," and he congratulated himself on the fact that he would be able to carry back to America such wonderful impressions of "the sweetness of London hospitality."

Immediately after the American Club luncheon, Mayor Walker and his party drove to the Mansion House which is the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London. Unfortunately, the Lord Mayor was out of town but Mayor Walker and his party were received by Alderman Sir John Knill, acting Mayor, and by Sir William Soulsby, the Lord Mayor's secretary. Both these officials assured the Mayor that this was the first time a Mayor of New York had been received at the Mansion House, in an official capacity.

"Sirs," said Mayor Walker with a twinkle in his eye, "you may take my word for it that, when I tell them at home of my welcome here, this visit of mine will have set a precedent which the future Mayors of New York will not break in a hurry. And now", he added, "if you don't mind, we'll have a look around."

Escorted by Sir John Knill and Sir William Soulsby, both of whom were in their fur-trimmed robes, with their official gold chains about their necks, the Mayor entered the Egyptian Hall, where the great private banquets of Lord Mayors are held. He was then taken into the large reception hall and was invited to sit in the Lord Mayor's State Chair. He sat in one and Mrs. Walker in the other, their feet resting on golden foot-stools, and in this attitude were photographed; the pictures of an American Mayor, occupying the

throne of the Lord Mayor of London, were printed on the first page of every London paper the next morning.

Part of the Mansion House is a police court over which the Lord Mayor presides when he is in town and our guides pointed out where the officials of the court sat; the table for the barristers and solicitors; the seat for the judges; the benches for the spectators and the dock for the prisoners, and attached to it, by a chain, the Bible on which the witnesses took their solemn oaths.

"I wish we had a court like this in my City Hall," said the Mayor with a laugh. "It might be useful".

He turned to Sir John and Sir William both of whom had taken their seats on the bench.

"Your Worships, I plead guilty."

Then he pointed to the huge sword of justice which hangs just above the Lord Mayor's chair.

"It's the sight of that makes me take a plea," he said.

"I think, Sir, that your profession is that of the law", said Sir John Knill, as he conducted the Mayor into a place reserved for counsel.

"Yes," smiled Jimmy, "and here I am back at my old trade. I am ready to make objections as usual."

Mayor Walker then asked Sir John Knill what became of prisoners if they were committed to jail for some little time. He was informed that the Mansion House is also provided with cells, downstairs.

An ominous voice, with a decided Cockney accent, here interrupted:

"Yes, Your Worship, I'll show yer the cell."

"Very well, officer," said Jimmy with a smile. Releasing himself from Sir John's arm, he returned to the dock with his head bowed in mock humility.

The jailer, taking his heavy keys, opened a small door and pointed to a narrow stairway leading to the cells. Before the Mayor of New York descended, he stood in the dock and, posing with a dramatic gesture, assumed the attitude of Sidney Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities" and quoted his lines:

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done."

He went down the stairs; the jailer following him. The barred steel door of one of the cells was opened and the Mayor put inside and the door locked on him. The cell is provided with a hard wooden bench and on this the Mayor sat with his head resting on his hands as if he were in misery.

He was aroused from his reveries by the attractive voice of Lady Knill at the top of the stairs, who said:

"I think you have quite served your sentence long enough Lord Mayor Walker. Come and have some tea!"

The door was unlocked and the Mayor came upstairs again. He said:

"I guess there's been many a poor devil down here who would have been tickled to death to receive such an invitation."

But, before he went to tea, the Mayor stopped to look over the book in which the prisoner's records were kept and he was astonished to find one particularly long column marked "D and D." He turned to Sir John Knill:

"I seem to sense," he said that that means drunk and disorderly. Some people might think it meant deaf and dumb."

A delightful tea was served in the drawing-room of the Mansion House, after which the entire party was taken to see the steel-lined vaults in the

Mansion House and were shown the rooms in which were the treasures of gold plate that have been accumulating for centuries. It is a practice of the outgoing Lord Mayor always to present in his name a piece of gold plate, a pair of candlesticks, or something of the sort, to the Corporation of London. These solid gold utensils, literally, cover dozens of shelves and run into the value of millions of dollars.

The warder in charge of the room reverently took down from a shelf a pearl-handled sword, that was given to the City of London by Queen Elizabeth; the Mayor took it into his hands with the remark:

“What a noble gift!”

Sir John Knill was kind enough to say that, if the Mayor of New York desired to see some of the interesting sights in London, he would act as guide. Mayor Walker was obliged to tell him that he was scheduled to set off for Dublin in the morning and would be unable to take advantage of his kind offer. He added, however, that he was coming back from Dublin to spend at least one more day in London before he went to Germany. Whereupon, Sir John Knill said:

“I wish you would have your secretary wire me the exact time of your arrival in London and I will have my State Coach meet you.”

Sir John Knill and Sir William Soulsby excused themselves for a few moments while they doffed their official regalia, their gold chains and their fur-trimmed robes, and appeared clad in the ordinary habiliments of an English business man. Then they rejoined the Mayor and entering automobiles drove to the Guildhall. This is the City of London's Town Hall and, as it was explained to Mayor Walker, it is here that the Lord Mayors and

Sheriffs are elected annually. This is also the place where, on Lord Mayor's Day, November 9th, is always held a great banquet, at which the Prime Minister of the day makes an important speech.

Mayor Walker was ushered into the immense hall which contains some very wonderful fine stained glass; statuary by notable artists and the famous "Gog and Magog," huge wooden figures fourteen and a half feet high. Mayor Walker only had time to glance hastily at the marvelous art gallery and the museum which the Guildhall contains, but he spent a little more time in the Guildhall library, which contains 180,000 volumes and pamphlets, besides manuscripts of great importance. Among the literary curiosities which were displayed for his edification was the letter from the Committee of the Association of New York, in the year 1775, requesting the sympathy of the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of London and protesting against the tax on tea. A facsimile copy of this interesting letter which, had so intimate a bearing on the American Revolution, was presented to Mayor Walker. Another letter, written from the American Congress to the Lord Mayor and Livery of London, asking them to mediate in the War of Independence, was shown. This letter, it was explained to Mayor Walker, had been read in Common Hall, September 29, 1775.

Driving away from the Guildhall, across Cheapside and down the Southwark Road, the automobiles turned off and drove to Middlesex Street, which is popularly known as "Petticoat Lane," and which, although a good deal of its old-time slum feature has been improved out of existence, is still remarkable for its street markets for second-hand clothing, books, etc. The market is sufficiently

attractive to bring swarms of the curious and bargain hunters from all over London.

The Mayor was driven through various streets where the London County Council has been condemning land and widening the streets and providing better housing for the poor, in all of which Mayor Walker was vitally interested. He was particularly curious as to the methods of condemnation employed, and the compensation paid to the property holders whose property was condemned. He was also extremely anxious to compare the present rentals for comfortable rooms with plenty of light and air with the old rentals of the ill-ventilated, ill-lighted and unsanitary places.

"All of this is most interesting," he said. "If London is not too old to learn new tricks in the matter of housing, I am sure the problem ought to be quite as simple for New York."

Before returning to the Mayfair Hotel, the automobiles were driven through St. Martin's Place and stopped for a moment in front of the Cavell Monument, a beautiful statue unveiled in 1920 as a memorial to Nurse Edith Cavell. It is the one memorial in all of London about whose base one may always find a small crowd of devoted men and women gazing with reverent eyes.

And the Mayor's host was kind enough to direct the automobiles to drive to Broad Sanctuary. When the machine stopped it was in front of the wonderful statue of Abraham Lincoln. The Mayor may have been surprised to find this fine statue of the great American Emancipator so prominently displayed in London, but, at least, he had the presence of mind to stand up in the machine and to doff his silk hat gracefully. This so pleased Sir John Knill and the rest that we drove back to the Mayfair by way of Trafalgar Square and then past

the great monument to Nelson. All around it there stood the other statues; the one to Sir H. Havelock, the great maker of the British-India Empire; the statue of George the Fourth, of rather unsavory fame; the statue of Chinese Gordon; and there they showed Mayor Walker the statue of George Washington, as a very striking indication of the fact that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

A very busy afternoon! When Mayor Walker got back to the Mayfair Hotel, he found the usual horde of newspaper men waiting to hear his impressions of London. He rather amazed the British newspaper men by telling them that he was sorry to disappoint them, but that he had made an appointment to telephone to his office in New York. Next morning, they all commented on the fact that, although he was talking from London to the City Hall in New York City, at the rate of about five pounds a minute, he seemed as nonchalant as if he were speaking to some one in the next room.

At the same time he had a very clear-cut conversation with his secretary, Edward L. Stanton, with whom he discussed all that he had done that day and what he was going to do on the morrow.

There had been, it seemed, some question in New York as to the status of the New York Housing Bill, then before the Special Session of the Board of Aldermen. To his secretary, the Mayor said, by telephone, that the bill had been carefully passed upon by Commissioner McCormack and that it was perfectly legal and constitutional, Alderman Ruth Pratt's objection to it, notwithstanding.

He was much amused when a young man, a reporter from one of the papers, and evidently especially young, asked him if he would kindly

look over a dispatch which he was sending to his paper in the north of England. The Mayor bade him sit down and gave him a cigarette; he looked over his copy and handed it back with the remark:

"It's O. K. with me."

I was curious to see what it was that caused him to smile so much when reading this little piece of copy. I got a copy of it from the young scribe. This was his impression of "Our Jimmy."

"He is a rare Mayor, a Mayor of the type not often seen in this country. He stays up so late that he is sometimes called 'The Night Mayor'; but he shows that it is possible to sleep until mid-day and still retain a reputation for hustling; that it is possible to be a jester and still keep his dignity, and to wear canary-colored socks without inciting ridicule. He once wrote a popular sentimental song, but his reputation as a business man has not suffered. He is a humorist, but he is also a humanist. He takes his work seriously, but he does not take himself too seriously. Some of our English Mayors do!"

We found that evening that there had been an addition to our party in the person of Charles F. Kerrigan, assistant to the Mayor of New York, who had been on a vacation up in Scotland, and who came down on purpose to meet Mayor Walker and to join him on the morrow on his visit to Ireland. So we all went to bed early, for we knew what to expect when the hospitality of Erin began.



## CHAPTER III

### IRELAND

Through Ancient Wales to Holyhead — The Irish Sea Was  
Kindly—Enthusiastic Reception at Kingstown—Trium-  
phal Entry into Dublin—A Hundred Thousand Wel-  
comes—Greeted by President Cosgrave—Visit  
to Governor-General Tim Healy—His Fath-  
er's Home Town Castlecomer—A Free-  
man of Kilkenny—Dinner with the  
Irish Tenor — A Strenuous  
Day's Work—Ride in a  
Jaunting Car





### CHAPTER III

## IRELAND

WE got an early start, next morning, from Euston Station and had our breakfast on board the London Northwestern train that bore us to Holyhead. Of course, we had an entire coach reserved for us, but the coach included some third-class as well as first-class carriages and it was just chance that found Jimmy Walker ensconced in a third-class seat. When the guard pointed out the mistake, the Mayor said:

"The seats are soft, the view is splendid. I can't see much difference between this and the first-class, though they tell me the price of a first-class ticket is almost double that of a third. Who cares? Third-class is good enough for any good Democrat, anyway."

It was a long morning's ride through one of the most beautiful parts of England and Wales; and, at one time, the right of way passed through what were once the battlements of one of the oldest castles in Wales.

A run of 263 miles from London was made in astonishingly rapid time and, almost before we knew it, we were running along the wonderfully constructed embankment which, for three-quarters of a mile, connects the main land with Holy Island. The little town we passed through seemed hoary with age as well it might, for Holyhead has been a mail station for Dublin since the reign of William IV, and all about are evidences of the old Roman occupation, most notable of which is

an ancient Roman watch tower, the ruins of which still stand on Pen Caergybi, a hill over 700 feet high, two miles from the town, visible from the train.

The steamer was waiting for the train, which pulled up right alongside the dock. The jolly, red-faced Captain of the boat, Captain Copeland, was on the platform to greet our party and he escorted the Mayor and Mrs. Walker to a specially decorated cabin prepared for them. Also, he announced that lunch would be ready as soon as we shoved off.

The Mayor looked out at the white-caps of the heaving Irish Sea and, not being a particularly good sailor, said he did not think he cared for lunch.

But the steamer was staunch, the sea calm, and the wind fair, so we all went up on the bridge at the Captain's invitation and watched the shore of Wales disappear in the haze over our stern, and the dim blue of the Irish hills come into sight, over our bow.

It was most interesting to hear Captain Copeland tell how he had navigated this Irish Channel all during the days of the War, in fair weather and foul, taking no heed of enemy submarines.

The Mayor expressed the hope that this passage would not be rough, and as we neared the Irish shore, Captain Copeland said:

"It has been one of the smoothest passages we've had this year."

"Due to your fine seamanship, I guess," said the Mayor.

"No, sir!" retorted the sailor—of course he was Irish—"it's the Irish Channel's tribute to your, shall I say, homecoming'?"

Mayor Walker was visibly touched by emotion as, having traversed the 70 miles which divided Ireland from Wales, he neared the shore of Erin, from which his father had emigrated only, as time goes, a few short years before.

Captain Copeland, on the bridge, as we entered Dublin Bay, pointed out to Mayor Walker the little Island of Inispatrick, just north, off the Skerries, which is reputed to be the first landing place of St. Patrick, when he introduced Christianity into Ireland about the year 450.

The bay about Kingstown was filled with the craft of the fisher-folk; for the principal industry of the place are its cod, haddock and herring fisheries.

The landing at Kingstown was most picturesque. Even when we were some distance from the shore we could hear, across the water, the shrill notes of the welcoming bands. But the Mayor had been informed that a delegation was coming on board to meet him, so he thought it best to wait for them in the main dining saloon.

It was there he was found by Commissioner Seamus Murphy and his colleagues of the Dublin Civic Commission. With him were Wainwright Abbott, First Secretary of the American Legation; Denis MacSweeney, manager for the Irish tenor, John McCormack; P. H. Hernon, P. J. Dwyer, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel F. Meenan of New York, Thomas M. Blake, Michael Blake, James L. Burke, and James B. Gilvarry.

After greeting these, who formally welcomed him to Ireland, the Mayor went on deck only to see the dock crowded with thousands of cheering men, women and children, all crowding forward to catch a glimpse of a son of Erin returning, so full of honors, to the Homeland of his fathers.

Looking shoreward, the harbor of Kingstown is semi-circular; crowned with low-lying hills and every hill was literally alive with madly cheering people, whose tumultuous shouts of welcome almost drowned out the two bands, one of them trying its best to play "Will You Love Me in December As You Do in May?"; the other, a band from the Artane Industrial School, playing with lusty vigor, Come Back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen!"

It was so hearty, so spontaneous, so genuine, that when he paused to accept a huge bouquet of roses presented to Mrs. Walker, by the little daughter of James H. Gilvarry of New York, tears were in his eyes.

The short drive from Kingstown to Dublin, through the trim suburbs, over the Liffey and down the length of Sackville Street to the Gresham Hotel was a continuous ovation.

On the way, the Dublin Commissioners pointed out to the Mayor many points of interest, the names of many of which, Jimmy remembered, they having been made familiar to him by his father.

We crossed the O'Connell bridge, which connects Sackville Street with Great Brunswick Street, and others on the south; drove by the huge Nelson Pillar at the crossing of Henry and East Streets; and, at the south end of Sackville Street, saw the fine monuments to Daniel O'Connell and to Father Matthew, whose life had been dedicated to the cause of temperance.

At the end of Westmoreland Street, we passed famous old Trinity College on the left and the Bank of Ireland on the right, and could see about half a mile down the street historic Dublin Castle and the Cathedral of Christ Church in which stands a monument to Strongbow, one of the first and



*The Commissioners of the Irish Free State Meet His Honor and Mrs. Walker on Board Ship on Their Arrival in Kingstown*



*President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State Greets the Mayor in Front of the City Hall, Dublin, Ireland—On the left of President Cosgrave stands Sterling, American Minister to the Irish Free State.*



most ruthless invaders of Ireland. We passed close to St. Patrick's Cathedral and the poorer quarters of Nicholas and Patrick Streets, which the Mayor noted particularly as a point for further investigation of the housing problem. Later, the Mayor was to find that, beginning in 1904, the municipal authorities of Dublin had begun to erect cottage dwellings in the suburbs, as at Clontarf; besides making improvements within the city itself, which had brought light, air and modern sanitation to the modest homes of the working classes.

And we noted, as we passed, the Royal Hospital for old and maimed soldiers, built in 1682 after designs by Christopher Wren, through the influence exercised by the Duke of Ormond of that day over Charles II. We did not know, then, how soon we were to be the guests at Kilkenny Castle of the present Duke of Ormond, and his son, the Earl of Ossery.

"I have never been so touched in my life," said the Mayor. "It is a happy and lovable occasion, a day of love and remembrance; I feel in coming to Ireland as if I were approaching a shrine."

Of course a Dublin newspaper man asked him for his views on Irish politics.

"The only politics in my mind," he said, "are New York politics and I'm not going to speak about them. In fact," he added, "I'm not going to make any speeches, unless I'm provoked. I have come here to express my gratitude and honor for the people who sent over to America the man who was my father; the man who has been my inspiration through life."

He was quite moved when he noted how the Gresham Hotel had been lavishly decorated with

Irish and American flags and he observed a huge sign over the doorway in Gaelic which read:

“CEAD MILLE FAILTHE”

which means “A Hundred Thousand Welcomes.”

There was barely time to bathe and dress before we were taken pell-mell through Phoenix Park to the official residence of American Minister Sterling, the first American Minister to the Irish Free State. At the same time, Mrs. Sterling was giving another dinner, elsewhere, to Mrs. Walker.

Among the distinguished guests whom Minister Sterling had invited to greet the Mayor of New York were President William T. Cosgrave of the Irish Free State; Ernest Blythe, Finance Minister; Patrick McGilligan, Minister of Industry; John McCormack, the noted tenor; J. J. Walsh, Foreign Minister, Seamus Murphy, Commissioner, and James McNeill, the Free State High Commissioner in London.

It was a beautiful dinner, with no formal speeches to take away the appetite, and at its conclusion we all drove back to the Gresham, where a supper dance in Mayor Walker's honor was being held. Here we met many of the leading Dublinites, and, I think, it must have been because he was so happy, Mayor Walker danced as if he had not a care in the world.

The next morning, a perfectly beautiful Irish summer day, Mayor Walker and I were up betimes and had a hasty and early breakfast and drove through Phoenix Park to keep an appointment at 9:30, made the night before, with American Minister Sterling. Our drive took us through part of the residential district of Dublin and it surely was a delight to note how trimly kept were the front gardens and how every house-front

was decorated with a brass knocker and a name plate, all of which were polished to a high brilliancy. We passed, by the way, a large plot of ground laid out in squares, each house with its garden, one of the more recent efforts of the municipality to provide open spaces for the poorer classes. Also, we passed the huge yard, divided into pens, in which, every Thursday, Dublin's Cattle Fair is held. From every part of the Irish countryside the Irish farmers drive in their swine, sheep, cattle and horses which are displayed and sold, many of them being shipped to England and the United States.

Early as was the hour, we found the American Minister Sterling waiting for us and, in company with the first secretary of the Legation and himself, we drove to the Vice-Regal Lodge in Phoenix Park, now occupied by the first Governor-General to the Free State, the venerable statesman, Timothy Healy. Here we were saluted by the military officers on guard and conducted at once into the Governor-General's presence. He received us with that affability and urbane courtesy for which he has long been noted, and it was with genuine warmth that he welcomed Mayor Walker officially to Ireland. He pointed out, in the staterooms of the Vice-Regal lodge, the many wonderful paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds and other noted artists, and took us to the wonderful library containing thousands of precious volumes. Then he took us out into the quaint and formal, but very beautiful, garden. Here Governor-General Healy pointed to us, on the south porch of the Vice-Regal lodge, that the architecture was precisely that of the White House in Washington; and he informed the Mayor that the plans for the White House had been taken from this building.

Accompanied by his aide-de-camp and first secretary, he led us over the wonderful lawns and gravel walks back to his pet hobby, the lovely rose garden. Then we noted that he had had forethought enough to arm himself with a pair of garden shears. He searched about until he found one of the most perfect rose-bushes in the garden and, reaching down, he personally snipped off a long stem of Marechel Neil roses and carefully clipped off the thorns. He then handed this spray of blossoms to the Mayor and said:

"Will you, pray, give this to Mrs. Walker with my compliments, and inform her that I had the honor of cutting it with my own hands?"

You may be sure that the Mayor treasured this unique souvenir carefully and that Mrs. Walker preserved it as one of her most valued treasures.

Governor-General Healy then gave directions to his head gardener, in so low a voice that we could not hear, but the result of these orders was the delivery to Mrs. Walker, of a great basket of wonderful hothouse fruit and a tremendous bouquet of the Governor-General's roses.

We had a definite appointment at Dublin City Hall, and in spite of the insistent hospitality of Timothy Healy, which had already made us late, we were obliged to cut our visit as short as possible. Rapidly we drove, via Phoenix Park, back through the streets of Dublin to the City Hall, where a regiment of Irish Free State soldiers, looking very business-like and efficient in their brand-new uniforms, was drawn up as a Guard of Honor. It was through a line of these soldiers, presenting arms, and holding back the crowds, that we passed from our automobiles into the City Hall, where we were met by President Cosgrave, of the Irish Free State, and the Civic Councillors of Dublin. Once

more, we were most heartily given an official welcome, and President Cosgrave then led the way into the large Aldermanic Chamber of the City Hall, where all the Aldermen and Councillors were gathered, each of whom was presented by name to Mayor Walker.

When the presentations were concluded, Vice-President Blythe of the Free State, presented Mayor Walker with a beautifully illuminated Scroll of Welcome, written in Gaelic, the ancient Irish language which the Free State is trying so hard to revive. In Gaelic, Vice-President Blythe read this to the Mayor who, of course, could not understand a word of it; but when the Vice-President had concluded reading it in Gaelic, he read it again in an English translation, presenting both the Gaelic Scroll and the translation to the Mayor. The Mayor made a very brief but impressive speech of thanks, during the course of which he said:

"All my life I have been looking forward to this trip to Ireland and I am enjoying every minute of it. It has far exceeded all my expectations. I am greatly impressed with Dublin itself; its fine buildings; its well-kept streets, and, of course, your wonderful Phoenix Park through which I have just driven from the Vice-Regal Lodge where I called on that wonderful old statesman, Timothy Healy. I believe that I am not exaggerating when I say it is the finest park I have ever seen. I only wish I had it near the center of New York. The welcome of the Irish people has been absolutely wonderful. This was to have been expected, I suppose, for the Irish heart beats true everywhere."

He added:

"These are the happiest days of my life. The greeting that Dublin has given me on this lovable occasion makes my heart feel as if it were returning to a shrine. The welcome here has been one of the warmest, most sincere, and heartiest ever bestowed upon me; and I am truly grateful to be back in the land which gave my dear father to New York, and made it possible for me to have the fine inspiration which has filled my life, and to occupy that position in the New World which enables you to greet thus the Chief Executive of a City which the Irish have done so much to make."

Immediately after the reception at the City Hall, the Aldermen and Commissioners and the President of the Free State, joined Mayor Walker in a rapid drive back to the hotel where an elaborate formal luncheon on behalf of the City was served, with Mayor Walker as guest of honor. The luncheon was presided over by President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State. The speeches were felicitous and happy but, considering that the Mayor and his party had a tremendously long drive ahead of them, the meal seemed to be unduly extended.

While the Mayor and his party were at luncheon, the evening clothes of the entire party were packed and shipped to John McCormack's beautiful country estate, Moore Abbey, where we were scheduled to take dinner at 8.30 that night. Owing to the lateness of the luncheon and the length of the speeches, the Mayor's speech was enchantingly brief. It was well past two o'clock before we got started. A great crowd had gathered in front of the hotel, and there were enthusiastic cheers as we got into the cars for a 90-mile drive to Castlecomer, the birthplace of Mayor Walker's father.

Over beautiful roads and traversing a country seeming to smile with agricultural prosperity, we took our way. Most picturesque and charming were the old stone houses we passed, many of them deserted, alas; wonderful thatched cottages and trim homesteads, and through every little village we passed the people turned out to wave flags and to cheer us on our way.

It was evident the countryside had been forewarned of Mayor Walker's coming and many miles before we got to Castlecomer, we found the roads were lined with country people, all happy smiles and vociferous with friendly greetings.

And so, well after 4 o'clock, a little procession of limousines drove to the Public Square, which seemed to comprise all that there was of the little village of Castlecomer.

The entire population of the village, considerably less than a thousand people in all, typical Irish country-folk, clad for the most part in comfortable home-spun, was on hand to greet the Mayor. One was struck with the earnest enthusiasm of the shining, happy faces and the bright smiling eyes of old men and women, the younger set, and the jolly, care-free children.

They had organized the boys of the high school into a brass band, which greeted our arrival with the strains of "Come Back to Erin," the old tune making up in zeal and enthusiasm what it may have lacked in harmony. As we descended from the automobiles in front of the little City Bank building, on the second story of which Mayor Walker's father once lived and where several of his cousins were waiting to greet him, Castlecomerites thronged closely about the Mayor, so that it was with difficulty that he made his way across the street. The leader in the enthusiasm, an old

gentleman waving a shillalah and dancing a jig, we found out afterwards, was Raymond (Bill) Burke, known as the village cut-up. He yelled in a loud voice while he turned to the crowd:

"Three cheers for William Henry Walker's boy!" At this, Jimmy, hearing his father's name, flushed with pride, raised his hat and waved his hand.

In company of his cousins, Mayor Walker went upstairs to see the room that had been, in the days gone by, occupied by his father and, while he was up there, the parish priest, a gentleman and a scholar, the Rev. C. G. McNamara, gathered his villagers about him in front of the door of the Irish Bank; formed them in a semi-circle, and promised them that the Mayor would speak to them when he came down. Bill Burke, the village cut-up still showing a tendency to sing, it was most interesting to see how, at a word from Father McNamara, he subsided and turned himself into a volunteer officer to try to keep the others about him in order. In the meantime, I had brought out, from the bank, a kitchen-chair on which Jimmy could stand to make his speech to the crowd, many of whom were friends of his father and to whom, I knew, he wished to say a special word or two. And while Jimmy was upstairs, Father McNamara produced from his pocket a little red morocco-covered album and said to me:

"I wonder whether you would ask Mayor Walker if he would be kind enough to autograph this volume. It is not for me; it is for my colleague, the Rector of the Protestant Church, whose duties this afternoon have called him elsewhere. As he was unable to be present, much to his regret, he asked me if I would be kind enough to secure this autograph for him. Do you think the Mayor will do it."



*James J. Walker Speaking to His Father's Friends at  
Castlecomer, Ireland*



Of course this was the first request that I made of the Mayor as he came downstairs. I narrated the circumstances to him. He at once borrowed a pen and signed his name in the book, remarking as he did so:

“There are some people who would tell you that Ireland is intolerant. I wonder if there could be found any finer example of real tolerance and broadness of spirit than this; a Catholic priest of the village burdening himself to ask a favor of me, not for himself, but for a pastor of the Church of England.”

He handed the book, when it was signed, to the Reverend Father McNamara and asked him to convey his best wishes to his Protestant colleague.

Mayor Walker then made a very touching, beautiful speech to the villagers of Castlecomer, all of whom listened with rapt attention. He pointed out that it was a fine thing his father had done; being unable to make an adequate living for his children in Castlecomer, to leave that place and go to America, the land of opportunity. And he pointed out that he was so glad to be able to come back, as Chief Executive of one of the largest cities in the world, to give proof to them of what a wonderful land of opportunity America was. At the same time, he pointed out to them that he doubted whether emigration from Ireland was the best solution for many of them. He told them that New York, a city of six million souls, had been very largely built up through the genius of Irishmen; but he said that he wondered whether these people of Castlecomer would not be doing the wisest and best thing if they remained on the soil of the country which had given them birth, and use their genius and thrift and industry in making Ireland what she deserved to be,—one of

the fairest lands in all the world. Of his father, the Mayor spoke with great emotion and the note of sympathy in his voice found an instant and ready echo in the hearts of his listeners. When he had concluded his little speech, he shook hands most fervidly with the Rev. Father McNamara, and then, reaching out both hands, shook hands with, I am sure, a large majority of the entire village. Before he left Castlecomer, he said:

"When a man comes from a far country back to the land of his fathers, back from Castle Garden where his sire entered to become an American citizen, to arrive at Castlecomer whence in the years gone by his father came, who shall find words adequately to express his emotions?

"Mine own people! How truly, now, can I use that phrase about the Americans on one side of the Atlantic and the Irish on this. To have looked into the eyes of villagers who knew my dear father who have shaken his hand; to stand in their hearts as a symbol of the great opportunity that America offers! This has been a privilege of which a much humbler man than I might well be proud."

It was a happy afternoon, but it was of that brand of tender happiness which is very close to tears!

We had to speed up on our way after leaving Castlecomer, for we were still behind time for the reception that was to be accorded Mayor Walker in the City of Kilkenny. We drove through part of the Castlecomer coal-mining districts and passed many villages, until, at last we came to Kilkenny on the river Nore, 81 miles from Dublin, passing on our way Kilkenny Castle, which towers above the town, the seat of the Marquis of Ossery. It is built on the summit of a precipice above the River Nore. The castle was originally built by

that Strongbow, one of the first invaders of Ireland, and notorious for the fact that he slew his son with his own hand, when he feared he was a coward.

We passed by the Cathedral of St. Canice, built in 1255, from which the town of Kilkenny takes its name, the largest ecclesiastical building in Ireland, excepting St. Patrick's Cathedral. We soon found ourselves in the narrow streets of Kilkenny, thronged with a tumultuous cheering crowd. Through this, escorted by a large cordon of policemen, we made our way to Kilkenny City Hall, to be greeted at the door by the Mayor of Kilkenny and the Aldermen, six Aldermen and eighteen Common Councillors. The Mayor and Aldermen were in their robes of office, gold chains about their necks, and as soon as we arrived, they escorted the Mayor to the Aldermanic Chamber where, in an eloquent speech, filled with Irish witticism, the Mayor of Kilkenny made Mayor Walker a Freeman of the Town of Kilkenny, and presented him with a document which entitled him to all the privileges of a citizen of the place. "You can even vote here now," he said.

In making his speech of acknowledgment, Mayor Walker was not a little embarrassed—he who is usually perfectly self-possessed under all circumstances—by an enthusiastic citizen of Kilkenny who willy-nilly insisted on breaking into the speech, to come forward and shake Mayor Walker by the hand. It was in vain, that the uniformed sheriff and his marshals tried to subdue this enthusiastic gentleman, whose interruptions were so constant, and at the same time so humorous, that Jimmy had to get through his speech as best he could.

We had a long drive, ahead of us, to reach Moore Abbey, the home of John McCormack, where we were due for dinner. Before we could start, a tall, good-looking gentleman pressed through the crowd and introduced himself as the Earl of Ossery, saying that he had come on behalf of his father, the Duke of Ormond, to insist that the Mayor stop, if only for a few moments, at Kilkenny Castle.

There was no gainsaying such an invitation, so we drove to this tremendous, medieval castle, our automobiles finding ample accommodation in the ancient courtyard. There, we were received by the Duke of Ormond and the ladies of the household. It was with deep regret that the Mayor explained to His Grace that our stop must be of the briefest. Both the Duke and the Duchess insisted that we go upstairs and take a hasty glance at the ancient picture gallery, some two hundred feet in length, containing some of the finest paintings in all of Ireland. They also showed us some almost priceless books, and pointed to where the mullioned windows of the library were shattered, and explained that during the recent troubles of three or four years ago, one of the warring factions had planted a gatling gun on the opposite bank of the river Nore and had riddled the building. Priceless tapestries had been torn, literally to shreds by gatling gun bullets, pictures destroyed and much of the old woodwork ruined. We went to the windows and looked out across the river where stands the Protestant College of St. John, founded by the eighth Earl of Ormond in the Sixteenth Century, and the Duke explained it was here that Dean Swift and Bishop Berkeley and the dramatists Congreve and Farquhar were educated. The hospitality of the Ormonds whose name has been famous in Irish history for many centuries, was

most charming. It was a deep regret that our visit must be so short, but Mayor Walker was sensitive of the frequent reiterations in the papers about his being late for appointments and he remarked:

"The trouble is that people make many more appointments for me than I can possibly find the hours to fill, and I must not be late, if I can help it, to John McCormack's dinner."

So we drove off through the gathering dusk for another 40-mile drive; but unfortunately, one of our leading chauffeurs took the wrong turn and drove us 20 miles out of the way, before we discovered the mistake. The result was that though we were due at John McCormack's for dinner at 8.30, we did not reach Moore Abbey until after 10.30.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCormack have made a charming home for themselves out of what was once an old and famous monastery. It stands in its own grounds of several hundred acres. In order to do honor to the Mayor, John McCormack had sent out invitations to all the country gentry and people had come, in all sorts of vehicles, from as far as thirty miles away. Of course we had notified Mrs. McCormack by telephone that we could not possibly get there on time, having lost our way, and she decided that she could not keep her guests waiting dinner that long; so they had dinner without us. When we arrived the orchestra was playing and in the big ballroom the guests were gaily dancing. Tired, dusty and travel-worn as we were, for we had been on the go since 9 o'clock that morning, we were shown to our rooms and as hastily as possible got into evening clothes. By that time Mrs. McCormack, being a resourceful Irish woman, had had another dinner prepared and as soon as we were

ready, we sat down to it. It was a charming dinner; with salmon, from John McCormack's own special salmon river, grouse and pheasants from his own preserves and other delicacies. As each of us would finish one course and before the other was served, either Mrs. McCormack or John himself, or some of his friends, would come and say:

"While you're waiting for the other course, you had better come out and dance. There's a pretty girl waiting for you."

Well, Irish hospitality, Irish dancing, Irish songs, for, of course, John McCormack thrilled us with his wonderful voice, held us in thrall until midnight, and then, by the light of an Irish moon, we drove homeward through the sweet aroma of the Irish countryside, reaching our hotel about two-thirty in the morning.

Surely that had been a strenuous day for the Mayor; seventeen hours of hard work! No wonder he was glad to go to bed.

Kind Irish friends had planned that, the next day, Sunday, a special train should take the Mayor and his party to see the far-famed Lakes of Killarney, but to have done this would have given Mayor Walker less than five hours' sleep and already he was showing the strain of the tense "vacation."

So Sunday was set aside as a day of rest, but the Mayor was up early and off to Mass at St. Patrick's. In the afternoon he took a ride in an ancient jaunting car visiting, thus, many of the streets where the working people dwell and finding much to admire in the neatly-kept houses, each with its bit of garden. That afternoon there was a parade through the streets of Dublin, of the Irish Free State army, which marched along by the left bank of the Liffey and turning into Sack-



*The Earl of Ossary Invites the Mayor to Kilkenny Castle*



*Signing the Register Which Made His Honor the Mayor a Free Citizen of the City of Kilkenny, Ireland*



ville Street, paraded past the Gresham Hotel where Mayor and Mrs. Walker waved from the balcony.

A fine body of troops they were; young, earnest-looking men, soldierly in bearing and carrying themselves with the aplomb of veterans. That the Free State must be fairly prosperous was indicated by the equipment of these troops. Their uniforms were of the latest fashion; their horse equipment of the finest style; their small park of artillery and their armored tank corps grim and efficient.

But when the troops had marched away, and the tumult had subsided, Dublin relaxed once more into its wonted peace and order. Another ready crowd gathered, at dusk, in front of the Gresham, as, toward dusk, the machine drove up in front of the hotel to take us back to Kingstown.

Many of the officials were there to bid the Mayor of New York God-speed, and it was so typical of Mayor Walker's instant popularity that, as he appeared, shaking hands with the Civic Councilors, ready to climb into his automobile, the crowd began to call him "Jimmy." It was:

"God bless you, Jimmy!"

"Shure, Jimmy's the boy."

"Good luck to yer honor," on every hand.

No wonder the face of a true son of Erin was wreathed in happy smiles as, amid such a chorus, he bade the land of his fathers, farewell!



## CHAPTER IV

# LONDON AGAIN

London Again on a Gloomy Day—The Mayor Drives Off in  
the Lord Mayor's Gilded Coach—Governor of the  
Tower—The Solemn Beefeater—The Execution  
Rooms—Harmsworth and the *Daily Mail*  
—Invited to Referee Dog Races at  
Wembley — Off for the  
Continent.





## CHAPTER IV

### LONDON AGAIN

LONDON again! The trip from Kingstown across the Irish Channel to Holyhead and then by train to London was without incident. The passage was smooth; the sleeping cars comfortable and the Mayor and his party were able to get a good night's rest. The train pulled into Euston Station, London, at six o'clock, and when we were up at seven-thirty, it was to find a typical London drizzle and a gloomy day.

Outside the station, we discovered, in spite of the weather, a large crowd gathered. This was not because they were expecting Mayor Walker's return to London, but the curiosity seekers had been attracted by the sight of the gilded state carriage of Sir John Knill, Sheriff of London, which, in fulfillment of his promise, had been sent to meet the Mayor and to convey him to the hotel.

It, truly, was a gorgeous coach, pulled by two magnificent horses. The coachman and footman were in the ancient livery of London; brocaded coat, knee breeches with white stockings and tri-cornered hat. The driver and the footman were men fully six feet tall and their dignity was enhanced by the fact that each wore a white powdered wig, quite in the old style. With much ceremony, Mayor and Mrs. Walker were handed into the coach and driven leisurely through the streets to the Mayfair Hotel. The rest of the party made its way by automobile. The Mayor afterwards described it as the most delightful drive he had ever had through the streets of London, and remarked:

"That coach may have looked funny, but you ought to have ridden on those wonderful springs. There wasn't the slightest motion at all as we drove over the cobblestones. I wish they would make automobiles that would ride half as easily as that."

Upon his arrival at the Mayfair Hotel, which, in itself, puts on "a lot of dog," in the way of elaborately liveried servants, the Mayor created quite a sensation at this early hour of the morning.

When he drove up to the Mayfair Hotel the Mayor said:

"That was the longest ride I've ever taken before breakfast. Why! I've seen half of London this morning and the sun isn't up yet. What time is it, anyway?"

When he was informed as to the time, he remarked:

"The clock and I don't start the day together. I sleep and the darned clock doesn't."

As soon as he had breakfasted and dressed, the Mayor and his party were driven to the Tower of London which he had long expressed a desire to see. Mrs. Walker and Miss Evelyn Wagner did not accompany him as they chose instead, a tour of the London shops.

At the gate of the Tower of London, the Mayor was met by the Governor of the Tower who welcomed him most cordially, and then called a stalwart Beef-Eater to escort the party around. The route led through the Bloody Tower, down dark winding stairs into the ancient dungeons where the Mayor was shown the execution rooms of the past; the cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh had been confined; and was taken into the room containing the instruments of torture used in the old, bad days. Finally, in one of the lower rooms the Beef-Eater showed, quite unemotionally, the an-

cient beheading block over which so many noble and fair necks have been stretched. Hard by, he pointed out, reposing in cases, some of the fatal axes. The Beef-Eater explained that on this block, there had been beheaded the wives of Henry the Eighth, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey and Catherine Parr. He also indicated the spot where Sir Walter Raleigh had lost his head.

"I'd like to see this thing, working," said the Mayor to the Beef-Eater, "I wonder if you can arrange it."

Without a smile the Beef-Eater solemnly replied:

"I hardly think it will be possible, today, Sir."

Jimmy examined the block and noted that there were some rather deep dents. He remarked:

"Those marks look as if the axe-man missed some of his strokes and sliced into the rough," he said.

And as they left the execution chamber, the Mayor remarked:

"Well, I guess that's one performance for which the actors never asked an encore."

He came to a room where the battle armor of Henry the Eighth was displayed. Its enormous bulk rather astonished the Mayor who remarked:

"He must have been a well-nourished gentleman."

There was pointed out to him hanging on the wall, the breastplate of one of the early crusaders, which made a strange noise as the Beef-Eater touched it. Said the Mayor:

"What a rattle you'd make, running for a bus, in that sort of a thing."

A little later they showed him the military cloak worn by the late Duke of Wellington, at which the Mayor remarked:

"Evidently the Duke didn't have much chest to brag about."

And when they came to the dungeon, the Beef-Eater said:

"Here, Your Worship, is where Guy Fawkes spent his last days."

"You mean before the big finish," said the Mayor.

"Quite so, Sir," said the Beef-Eater.

After the visit to the Tower, the Mayor and his party drove to the far-famed Cheshire Cheese for luncheon. After the luncheon, in response to a very hearty invitation from the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, brother of Lord Rothermere, owner of the Mail, we drove down famous old Fleet Street to the corner of Tudor Street, where is situated Northcliffe House, the home of the Daily Mail. Received by Esmond Harmsworth, the Mayor was taken all over the newly installed plant of the Daily Mail, probably as thoroughly equipped as any newspaper plant in the world. While Mayor Walker was looking over the modern presses, a flashlight of him was taken, and before he had finished his tour of inspection they brought him a sheet of the Daily Mail containing his picture and an account of his visit; the cuts made and printed in record time.

In the director's office, the Mayor was introduced to the Editor of the Mail, Mr. Fish; and to the managing-director, Sir George Sutton.

Then, the Mayor returned to the hotel and received a delegation of London advertising men, headed by Sir Charles Higham, who invited the Mayor to attend a dinner given by the Advertising Association of London. This invitation the Mayor was forced to decline on account of lack of time.

The Mayor spent the afternoon in a tour of the tenements in the poorer districts of London, pay-

ing particular attention to the London bus system and deserting his automobiles to ride on London buses. He especially admired the system of graduated fares by which the passenger pays according to the distance traveled. After a hard afternoon of this sort of work, he returned to the Mayfair Hotel and once more called up the City Hall, New York, on the phone, to talk with the acting Mayor, the Hon. Joseph McKee.

He turned from the telephone to find a telegram waiting on his desk from an American friend; it read:

“Will you honor British racing public by occupying Royal Box at greyhound races tonight? Special races being run in your honor.”

(Signed) Charlie Munn

We all had dinner that night in the suite at the Mayfair and, as soon as the meal was over, automobiles were called, and we had a wonderful drive through a new part of London, out to Wembley and the greyhound races.

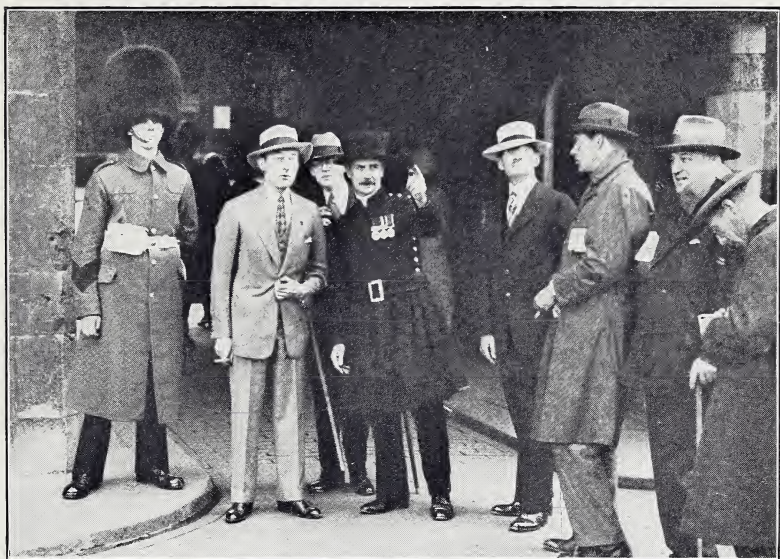
This sport, held at night, has certainly taken London by storm. Before we were within three miles of the race course, it seemed that every road was thronged with people going in our direction, a great number on foot, thousands of others in all sorts of vehicles; every bus going our way was absolutely crowded on both decks.

We were met at the entrance to the enclosure by Charlie Munn who has made a fortune out of dog racing in England, being the proprietor of several greyhound race tracks in various parts of England, and by the directors of the Association, who escorted us to the Royal Box. There is no use describing how the races were run; every sporting writer who has seen them has written enthus-

astically about them. It was certainly a great sight; this great circular track; every seat crowded; and to hear the uproar and excitement of over three hundred bookmakers yelling odds on the various dogs. There were five races with a twenty minute interval between, to allow time for the eager patrons to place bets. During these intermissions, the lights were turned on all over the field so that it was as light as day, and the greyhounds were brought out and paraded in front of the grandstand. While they were parading, the last bets were made and suddenly the lights all over the stands were extinguished so that only the oval of the race track was brilliantly illuminated. The dogs then were put in their separate stalls immediately in front of the grandstand, each dog having a separate compartment, looking out from a grated window from which they see every part of the field. Then the electric rabbit was started at the grandstand, speeding around the track in a streak of blazing fire. The dogs started a frantic yelping, eager to be after their prey, the crowds in the grandstand and the field yelling themselves hoarse. The very instant that the flying rabbit reached the starting line, the doors of the kennels flew open automatically, and out dashed the dogs in their ever-futile race.

A few mad seconds and it was all over! The numbers were put up and the bookmakers paid off the lucky winners and again the lights went on to give the audience a breathing spell.

A special feature that night was a match race between an English and an American greyhound. It was this race which Mayor Walker was asked to referee. The directors came up to the Royal Box and led him out to the judge's stand. I am ashamed to think how much money was bet that



*The Mayor and His Party Escorted by a Beefeater and British Grenadier,  
at the Tower of London*



night on the American dog. Certainly, everyone in our party had "a little bit on," as the phrase goes, for patriotism's sake. The race was a steeplechase and was most exciting. The two dogs ran neck and neck most of the way. Fifty yards from the winning post, the American dog had forged ahead at least a neck, but at the last hurdle, the English dog seemed to put on a special spurt; she took the hurdle a bit cleaner than did the American dog and won, actually, by a head!

After the races, the crowds thronging the gates would have made the crowds coming from the Polo Grounds after a World Series game look like a mere handful. There must have been well over a hundred thousand people at the races that night.

We were invited to refreshment, by the Directors of the Club, and were able in this way to wait until most of the crowd had gone, before taking our way, eventually, homeward.

Giving his impressions of London to some newspaper men who were waiting for us at the Mayfair, the Mayor said:

"We do not show it; but I can tell you I was awed by the rituals and the historic background of the Guildhall, the Mansion House and the Tower of London. We don't have anything like them in New York, and they are the more impressive because there is something big behind them."

He admitted that the housing improvements were not being introduced so quickly in New York as in London, partly because London does not face the same difficulties.

"In New York," he said, "we have a more cosmopolitan population; different peoples and dif-

ferent nationalities keep together in tenements of national block. It is hard to shift them from town to country as easily as the English are doing." Later, he said:

"You may not think that this has been hard work, but I have found out that vacation brings into play muscles that one never knew he had. I am anticipating a fortnight's sojourn in the hills of Sullivan County or thereabouts where I hope to see the sun, when I get back.

"My one regret regarding this London visit is that I have not yet seen a fog, though many of my good friends have promised to put on a special one for me if I remain a few days longer. They also promised that I should see the sun if I remained another year or two, but, as I am due in Berlin, I'm sorry I can't wait for it."

That night, the Mayor got a much needed rest; for tomorrow, he was to say farewell to England and be off to Germany.

## CHAPTER V

# GERMANY

Across the North Sea to Holland—Welcome by Mayor of  
Flushing—Across the Rhine to Berlin—The Communist  
Alarm—Official Call on Ambassador Schurman—  
Ober-Burgomeister Boëss—The Flag Incident—  
American Club Dinner—New York's Mayor  
Is Decorated—Berlin's Hospitals and  
Housing Problems Investigated.





## CHAPTER V

### GERMANY

Our departure from London was not a particularly happy one. In the first place it was one of those half-foggy, half-rainy mornings; and, in the second place, we had to catch such an early train—8:30 from Liverpool Street Station. It was so dark at the station, that the ubiquitous photographers, who followed us wherever we went, had to use flashlights on the station platform to get pictures of our departure; but they were there, just the same.

The last time we had left London, it had been to travel northwest to Holyhead. Now, we were off in the opposite direction, southeast to Harwich. We covered the distance comfortably in a couple of hours. A magnificent steamer was waiting alongside the dock, as we got off the train for the two hours' journey across the North Sea. The suite on the steamer ordinarily used by the Queen of Holland was reserved for Mayor Walker and his party.

The North Sea, which can be very rough at times, was kindly, although our brief passage was a bit rougher than any sea we had hitherto struck in our journeyings; but the Mayor proved a good enough sailor not to mind it. We were hardly out of sight of the English coast before we picked up the coast of Zeeland and saw the lighthouse and the Jakobskerk, on the south side of the Island of Walcheren. After a brief run along the beautiful coast, catching our first glimpse of the ever-present

windmills and the quaint Dutch architecture, we landed at the busy and extensive dock of Flushing.

The steamer had barely docked, amid the cheering of a quaintly-dressed crowd, which was gathered on the dock, before the Mayor of Flushing came on board, accompanied by two little girls in quaint Holland costume, their little lace bonnets tied under their chins and more petticoats than one could count. The little girls were only about eight years old, with rosy cheeks and wide-open blue eyes and although they could not speak a word of English, each of them courtesied most gracefully to the Mayor and Mrs. Walker and presented each of them with a bouquet of flowers. Mayor Walker was charmed with the beauty of the little girls and very proud to walk down the gang plank, hand in hand with them.

There was no time for formal ceremonies, although the Mayor of Flushing welcomed Mayor Walker and his party most cordially, but the train was waiting, and in less than twenty minutes we were speeding along the country of dykes and canals. Before long, we crossed the river Rhine and left the purely agricultural country behind to find its place taken with thriving industrial towns. An air of efficiency with its accompaniment of large machinery left us with no doubt that we had entered Germany.

The wagon-lits on this Continental train were very comfortable and each of us had a cabin to himself so that the Mayor had a fine night's rest.

Assistant to the Mayor, Kerrigan, had left us in London to resume his vacation in Scotland, but we had picked up in London, Miss Evelyn Wagner, secretary to Mayor Walker, and niece of U. S. Senator Wagner, of New York, who was

to accompany us the rest of the journey. This made our party consist of Mayor and Mrs. Walker, Senator Bernard Downing, Miss Evelyn Wagner, Commissioners McCormack and Herrick, and myself.

We were due to arrive in Berlin at ten o'clock in the morning, but, at seven o'clock, I was aroused by the guard who had a telegram for me. It was from Ambassador Schurman, of Berlin, and suggested that because of the ill-feeling which had been engendered by the Sacco-Vanzetti case and the fear of a Communist demonstration, it would be best for us not to get off at the Frederickstrasse station, which was our destination, but to leave the train at the station just before that, the Zoological Gardens station. I held it my duty, of course, to put this matter, which might have been serious, before the Mayor and so, reluctantly, aroused him. He was inclined to make light of the whole thing and rather thought that Minister Schurman might be exaggerating any possible danger.

"I guess we'll stick to our original schedule," he said. But, when we did arrive at the Zoological Gardens, about 9:30, there came on board the train, Colonel Conger, the American Military Attaché, accompanied by envoys of the Reich and the municipal government and a whole phalanx of police. Colonel Conger informed us that all the automobiles were there at the Zoological Station, waiting to convey us to the Adlon Hotel and strongly advised that we get off here. It required hustling, but we made it; so, if there were any Communists waiting at Frederickstrasse station to make any sort of a demonstration, they were disappointed. We drove to the Adlon Hotel without any untoward incident whatever and were met by a military guard and a

large crowd of enthusiastic people. The guard saluted and the people cheered.

A wonderful imperial suite at the Adlon had been reserved for the use of Mayor Walker and his party. The Mayor was much distressed to learn that his old friend, Louis Adlon, could not be there to greet him, being ill and in Switzerland for his health. Within half an hour, the Mayor was out of the Hotel Adlon and with his entire party made an official call on the Embassy, where he was warmly greeted by Ambassador Schurman. Some word of this official call must have gone out for quite a crowd gathered in front of the Embassy. At the conclusion of the call, when we started for our automobiles, there was a crowd of perhaps five hundred people with probably some Communists among them, in front of the door. As Mayor Walker and Minister Schurman made their appearance, there was a weak demonstration of ill-will and a hiss or two from the crowd. Whatever the officials might have thought, this mild demonstration affected Jimmy Walker not at all. He looked smilingly into the faces of the crowd, and when he heard an unmistakable hiss, raised his hat with a smile and waved his hand. His good nature was so infectious and his manner so imperturbable that not even a Communist crowd could remain antagonistic in face of it. It was scarcely half a minute before answering smiles appeared on the faces of the crowd, and many stopped hissing, to wave, and as Jimmy got into his automobile to drive away with Minister Schurman, the cheering was unanimous. From beginning to end of Mayor Walker's trip abroad, there was no greater proof of the inherent, irresistible popularity of the man than was evidenced here.



*In the Garden of Ober-Burgomeister Boßs of Berlin—  
Herr Ober-Burgomeister Boßs and His Honor the Mayor*



The next drive was to the Rathaus where Mayor Walker was greeted on the steps by portly and good-natured Ober-Burgomeister Boëss, who led the Mayor and his party at once to the Aldermanic Chamber, where the Mayor was asked to sign the municipal book. Burgomeister Boëss spoke very little English and the Mayor no German, but they got along very well with Ambassador Schurman acting as interpreter.

It was from Burgomeister Boëss, with side explanations by the American Ambassador, that the Mayor first learned how his visit to Berlin was causing some perturbation on account of a flag-raising incident. Although this episode was greatly exaggerated and magnified in the press, it turned out to be a very simple local question with which, as a matter of fact, Mayor Walker had nothing to do.

For some reason, the members of the Hotel Keepers' Association of Berlin had resolved not to fly the German Republican flag in company with the old Imperial flag of German over their hostels, although all of them in Jimmy's honor, flew the American flag.

As it was a distinct rule of the municipal government that when the Imperial flag was flown the German Republican flag should fly also, the Ober-Burgomeister of Berlin had notified the proprietors of the Hotel Kaiserhof that neither he nor any member of the municipal government could enter any of the hotels not complying with the rule.

The only way that this at all affected our party was in the fact that the American Club had organized a banquet to be held at the Kaiserhof Hotel, at which Mayor Walker of New York was to be the guest of honor. Because the Kaiserhof would

not comply with the flag regulation Ober-Burgomeister Boëss told Mayor Walker that, much as he regretted it, he could not possibly attend the dinner. The Mayor thoroughly understood the stand taken by the Ober-Burgomeister, and quite realized that his absence from the dinner in the Mayor's honor could, by no stretch of the imagination, be intended as a slight to himself.

That was the beginning and end of the so-called "flag incident" which the English, French, German and United States papers carried in a front page story as if the thing were going to cause international complications. It was merely a tempest in a teapot, which Mayor Walker's ready diplomacy and innate courtesy relegated to the unimportance it deserved.

In his conversation with Ober-Burgomeister Boëss, Mayor Walker made clear his desire to see, during his short stay, as much as possible of Berlin's housing conditions; of its hospitals and its traffic problems; and as a result the afternoon was spent in inspecting Berlin's park system and its wonderful subways. Also, that afternoon, Commissioners Herrick and McCormack, having gone off on an official inspection of the Tiergarten, and other of Berlin's notable parks, Mayor Walker and myself drove to the Virchow Hospital, one of the largest municipal institutions of its kind in the world and it is no exaggeration to say that due to his enthusiasm for detail, the Mayor went through something like three or four miles of wards, analyzing every detail of the municipal management. He was particularly insistent on learning the policies regarding internes, and he wanted to know how the authorities of the hospital could assure that if a patient were suddenly in need of a physician

or surgeon in the middle of the night, that a physician or surgeon would be on hand to attend the patient. He was particularly struck with the wonderful operating rooms in this German hospital, well-lighted and well-ventilated as they are, and he remarked:

"I wonder why it is that we can't have all our operating rooms in our hospitals in New York on the top floor so that we can get all the sunlight and air that we need!"

A curious incident occurred as we were returning from the hospital at Virchow. It was growing dusk, and as we drove along the Unter den Linden, we noticed that our automobile, which had been going at a fairly good pace, suddenly slowed up. I looked out of the window and to my astonishment found that we were right in the center of a huge Communist parade, headed in the same direction as ours. They were singing Communist songs and carrying red flags. They were evidently the same kind of people who had wanted to meet us at Frederickstrasse station had we got off there early in the morning. Quite unconscious that the official against whom they wanted to demonstrate was right there in their midst, they marched on singing lustily and clinging tenaciously to their red flags. We drove right through the parade without their ever suspecting that the Mayor of New York had been in their midst.

At the Adlon Hotel, we found that the German authorities had stationed a guard. This caused Jimmy to smile, and as there was another host of photographers waiting to take snapshots, he stepped into the street and grasped a German policeman by the arm and had a picture taken with him.

To a man who came up and explained laboriously that he was a German secret service man assigned to guard him, Jimmy, patting him on the shoulder, said:

"Really, you know, I don't need you. I'm so thin they couldn't hit me anyway."

The next noon, Mayor Walker was the guest of honor of the Karl Schurz Verein. Before luncheon there was a formal ceremony at which he was decorated by Secretary of State von Schubert, on behalf of President von Hindenberg. The decoration, intended to be worn around the neck with full dress, is the Order of the Red Cross.

The Mayor was accompanied by Ambassador and Mrs. Schurman, and the luncheon was given a semi-official character by the presence of the foremost representatives of the Government and of the municipality. A fine speech of welcome, in German, so the Mayor did not understand it, was made by Herr Gerich Koch, former Minister of the Interior, who pointed out the significance of the work that Karl Schurz did on behalf of both Germany and the United States; and he said that although both nations through an unfortunate fate were temporarily divided, it would be to their mutual advantage if both renewed and strengthened the old friendships.

With all of this Mayor Walker agreed most heartily. By this time, there was no doubt that the people of the German capital had quite taken "Jimmy" Walker to their hearts, for everything that he did or said seemed to be the signal for applause and approbation. Nothing pleased them so much as his published statement when he said:

"I am not a Lord Mayor; I'm just an ordinary human being."



*Ambassador Joseph Schurman and His Honor the Mayor  
in Berlin*



A serious-minded woman reporter for one of the leading Berlin dailies asked him how young America was being educated, nowadays, to which he replied:

"Practically speaking, just as they please. Our teaching is all on the practical side; mainly, our American youngsters educate themselves. Joy of life is the best teacher, I believe. I was once asked," the Mayor went on, "how it was that America bred so many able citizens, and my answer to that was because we don't educate them in the strict sense of the word. Success comes to those who are always awake, always ready to seize an opportunity, who are willing to try out everything, and to those who have a sense of humor and despise nothing."

Very wide publication also was given, with congratulatory editorial comment, to that part of Mayor Walker's speech at the American Club in which he, referring to America as a land of opportunity, mentioned first the fact that he, himself, Mayor of a city of six million souls was the son of an Irish emigrant; but he went on to say:

"You have an example much nearer home and much closer to your hearts than this. I understand that my friend, Bob Wagner, Senator of the United States, has just left Berlin on his way back home. His niece, Miss Evelyn Wagner, is traveling with me and she and Mrs. Walker are going to Frankfort in the morning to bid him farewell before he leaves for America. Now, in Bob Wagner's case you have to realize that he, like my father, was the son of an emigrant to America, but that he was actually born on German soil and was a German citizen, who, of his own free will and accord, took out American citizenship papers and is now one of the honored members of the United States Senate.

Later, he added:

"New York City would not be the great metropolis it is, if a great contribution to it had not been made by the genius and thrift, the industry and the fine ambition of our immigrant citizens."

When Mayor Walker reached his hotel he found a large company of German journalists waiting to interview him. Very few of them could speak English fluently; still less of them understood the humorous and antic spirit that seemed to animate the Mayor. In their best English, they questioned him as follows:

"Wott tink you aboud prohibition, Herr Walker?"

"What do *you* think about prohibition?" countered the Mayor.

"Ve Germans are against prohibition."

"Well, I am normal and human, too," replied His Honor.

"Dott is a very diplomatisch answer, Herr Mayor."

"Well, sometimes I am not so diplomatic, so let that lie."

"Is der yotzmusik dead in America?"

(Yotzmusik is German for jazz, some one interpreted.)

"Did you ever hear jazz?" shot back Mr. Walker.

"Yah."

"Well, that is your answer."

\* \* \*

The Mayor's work of investigating the city of Berlin's housing situation; its traffic problems; its parks and hospitals was seriously impeded by the steady downpour of rain. In spite of that, the Mayor worked steadily and strenuously at his self-



*Ober-Burgemeister Boëss and his Wife and Daughter Entertain the Mayor  
and His Suite at a Garden Party*



appointed task. Mrs. Walker and Miss Wagner had left for Frankfort to see Senator Wagner off on his way to New York, promising to rejoin the Mayor at Munich.

One of the reporters had the temerity to ask Mayor Walker whether he was not a bit nervous about being in Berlin, even for the purpose of his municipal investigations, after all the talk there had been about bomb threats?

"My only apprehension up to now," said he, "has been that my Berlin friends might kill me with kindness. I am afraid that these gorgeous banquets are more dangerous than any bombs I shall find."

The Mayor spent his last day walking about the city and taking in the sights with Ambassador Schurman as his guide. Before he departed for Baden-Baden, he told the German press that one of his fondest recollections of Berlin would be the Order of the Red Cross which had been presented to him by President von Hindenberg.

"Only," he said, "I do not regard this as a tribute to myself, but as a compliment to the City of New York."

\* \* \*



## CHAPTER VI

### BADEN-BADEN AND MUNICH

Baden-Baden, the Bavarian Garden of Eden—Former Ambassador Alexander Moore—Mrs. Dorothy Caruso and Her Beautiful Children — To the Races with Baron Hochwachter — On to Munich — Guest of the Mayor — The Famous Hoffbrau House — Wonderful Art Treasures — Pride in the City.





## CHAPTER VI

### BADEN-BADEN AND MUNICH

AFTER a good night's rest on a perfect German train, the Mayor disembarked at Baden-Baden at noon the next day. The party was met at the train by Albert Keller, formerly a hotel man of Baden-Baden, but now managing director of the Ritz Carlton Hotel, New York; by Alexander Moore, ex-ambassador to Spain; by Mrs. Dorothy Caruso, and by Baron Hochwachter, head of the resort's administration, known commonly as the "Kuhrmeister."

Quarters had been provided at the beautiful hotel "Stefanie," and we drove thereto over streets that were plentifully be-flagged in Mayor Walker's honor, the banner of the German Republic largely predominating.

The Mayor was immensely struck with the beauties of Baden-Baden, situated on a hill 600 feet high, and yet snuggled down in the valley of the Black Forest.

Escorted by Baron Hochwachter, the Mayor was taken in an auto to where the twenty-nine hot springs of sparkling mineral water gush from the Castle Rock at the rate of ninety gallons a minute, and which for centuries (once there were Roman baths here, known to the Emperor Hadrian) have been sought as a cure for various ills by sufferers from many nations.

Immediately in front of the Stefanie Hotel, running through the delightful park which is part of the hotel grounds, sparkles the River Oos, its waters so shallow and so clear that, standing on

any of the decorative bridges, the Mayor could see shoals of the famous blue trout for which this stream is famous.

"We will have blue trout and sauerkraut for luncheon," said the Baron. "It is one of our delicacies, here."

Opposite the hotel, on the left bank of the Oos, the Mayor was shown the famous resorts to which, during the season, the royalty and nobility of many courts flock. He was taken through the magnificent Conversationhaus and Trinkhalle, or pump-room, where, at tables in the revivifying sunlight, the visitors drank the bitter waters, constantly supplied them by pretty waiter girls, and tried to smile and look pleasant in spite of the taste.

The Baron pointed out the New Castle, on the summit of a high hill, the seat of the Margraves of the Duchy of Baden, and which seems to dominate the town.

There the Mayor was taken, past the Michaelsburg, a wonderful Greek Chapel with a golden dome, into the Casino, with its gambling paraphernalia, used only after nightfall, swathed in linen clothes as if to hide it from the garish light of day. And we were shown the new theater, as fine as any in the world, on whose stage appear the most notable artists of Europe, and to which admission is free.

For, Baron Hochwachter explained, every visitor to Baden-Baden has to pay a tax to the municipality of one mark a day, and it is this tax, hidden in the hotel bill, which has erected these fine buildings, keeps up the theater and the parks and furnishes the fine picture gallery.

Although it was Sunday, the Mayor's eager Baden-Baden hosts urged him to hurry his lun-

cheon to go to the races at the picturesque Issezheim race-track, one of the most beautiful race-courses in all the world. For the races, he was the guest of Chief Burgomeister Feiser of Baden-Baden.

The paddock of this race-course is the fashionable haunt of many of the dignitaries of Europe and, although the season was waning, there were plenty of celebrities there. Among the first of those whom Mayor Walker met was King Gustave of Sweden, to whom he was presented by Baron Hochwachter.

"How do you do?" asked Mayor Walker of the King.

His Majesty raised a somewhat-battered hat from his head and extended his hand, saying:

"Fine! Glad to meet you," and thereafter the two notables—the monarch from the north and the democrat from the west, engaged in an animated conversation; for the King of Sweden speaks English perfectly.

After his interview with the King, the Mayor was introduced to pretty nearly everybody of note in the paddock, among them Mr. and Mrs. Gleitman, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Kahn, Baroness von Maltzan, wife of the late German Ambassador to the United States; Lady Hatfield, Baroness de Munn, Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, and Mrs. Kreisler; Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera of New York, and many others.

There were five races that afternoon and, before we left the hotel, programs of the entries had been given to each of us, but it was with no small astonishment we noticed that in no single race were there less than thirty entries. In one race, the number of entries was forty-seven.

"Pretty hard picking, I should guess," said the Mayor of New York.

But when we reached the track and the first race was on, we discovered that all of the fields were cut down to the bone and, as a matter of fact, there were only four to six horses in a race. The largest field of the day was in the final race; a steeple-chase in which there were seven entries.

The Pari-mutuel system of betting was used and some indication of the form in which the horses were running may be had from the fact that in the first five races the winner paid only 5 marks profit for every 50 marks bet. In other words, you were betting ten to one that the horse you selected would win.

The steeple-chase—the last race of the day—was worth all the rest put together. The race started in front of the grandstand and three of the jumps were immediately in front of it. These jumps, hedges and water-jumps, were so stiff that one horse refused the first jump; two horses fell at the third; then the field passed out of sight for a time, but we could see that just before they disappeared, other horses went down.

When the horses reappeared in the game, they were at least a mile away on a tall rise of ground on the opposite side of the track and there remained only two of them in the running. These two, for about a length and a half, made a magnificent spectacle, as they raced along the crest of this tall rise and came down the broad path of a hill and entered the field again. Neck and neck, these two final horses took the jumps almost as one horse; and it was not until the final hazard had been cleared and the horses settled down to running that one barely managed to gain by a head as they flashed under

the wire. It was a most exciting race and not the least enjoyable part of it was that the Mayor and most of his party, by some fortunate chance, had a wager on the winner.

That night, a dinner in honor of Mayor Walker was given by Albert Keller in the Napoleon Hall of the Stefanie Hotel and was followed by an informal dance. At this dinner, the host, Mr. Keller, in a sudden burst of enthusiasm declared that with the tremendous popularity that had attended Mayor Walker wherever he had gone, he felt safe in nominating him for President of the United States. This was received with a loud applause, but Jimmy at once got to his feet, and remarked:

“Don’t you think I have trouble enough as it is?”

A little later he said that Germany had been so kind to him he did not feel like indulging in the slightest criticism; but he did think that the man who named Baden-Baden had not taken sufficient thought as to what he was doing; for his part he thought the place should be named “Gooden-Gooden.”

The next afternoon, we took a long drive through the Black Forest. Forty minutes after passing the wonderful Bismarckdenkmal, we had mounted 800 feet above sea level to reach the castle Buhlerhohe, which, originally erected as a retreat for army officers, had been rebuilt into what is now the Kurhaus Buhlerhohe. It is like a fine country house where guests get board and lodging and medical treatment for ten marks a day.

Then we drove by winding paths, over hill and dale, through many miles of the Black Forest; the trees so thickly crowded together that little daylight is able to penetrate; so it is easy to see why it is designated as “Black.”

But there were many clearings and beautiful valleys, sites of trim villages, and wayside inns. It was hay harvest time and it was good to see the men, women and children in the neat fields. They all ceased from their labors long enough to wave a friendly greeting and to cheer us on our way with smiles.

We crossed many rivers, branches of the Rhine and Rhone, and could not help being impressed by the fact that on nearly every stream there were concrete dams in course of construction; water dammed up and being converted for power with which were run the many lumber mills along the river banks. And yet, while many trees are felled and dressed for industrial purposes, there is no thinning of the forest; state laws require that whenever one tree is cut down, two must be planted in its stead. And all the fallen trees and waste timber are not allowed to clutter the ground on the floor of the forest, but are cut into convenient lengths for fire-wood and neatly piled by the side of the road.

The end of our drive was Weilbad.

As we drove into this pretty little village, another one of the many Black Forest "cures," we saw that the place was gay with many flags in the Mayor's honor and the entire village turned out to cheer him. A wonderful dinner was prepared, during which the Mayor, responding to a toast, said:

"When God created the world, he used special care in making Germany, but most of all in creating the Black Forest."

By the time that generous meal was finished the day was done and we had the splendor of driving home through the eerie shades of the Black Forest by night, a beautiful and awesome experience. By



*The King of Sweden and the Mayor of New York—Both wear the same kind of hat to the Baden-Baden races, but they wore them differently—The King of Sweden is the tall man with glasses.*



*Mrs. Dorothy Caruso and Former Ambassador Alexander Moore, Trying to Help the Mayor Select a Winner at the Baden-Baden Races*



the time we got back to Baden-Baden and drove through the Leopoldsplatz, the shops, with their display of musical boxes, fine wood and ivory carvings and embroidery for which the natives of this Duchy are famous, were brilliant with light.

Mayor and Mrs. Walker spent the next morning shopping, and at noon a great crowd of friends assembled at the train to cheer the Mayor on his way to Munich.

For some time, the Mayor had been feeling the strain of too-insistent hospitality; dinners and luncheons of too-generous proportions.

"Let's get some rest in Munich," he said.

So we did our best to avoid officialdom in Munich and established ourselves as quietly as possible at the Regina-Palast on the Maximilian Platz. But the ubiquitous reporters soon discovered the Mayor and insisted on interviewing him. Hardly had these interviews been printed in the Munich papers before Herr Burgomeister Scharnagl called, with true German punctiliousness, to welcome the Mayor officially. He also left invitations for a luncheon next day at the Rathaus which, perforce, had to be accepted.

That evening, the Mayor's party were his guests for an informal dinner at the most famous of all Bavarian beer-gardens, the Hofbrau Haus in the Platzl. This is a great building comprising three or four enormous halls, one above another, and filled with tables; and each table there—hundreds of them—filled with German and Bavarian families. Of course the principal drink was the famous beer of Munich served in huge steins, of which the brawny waiters seemed capable of carrying twenty in each hand.

The food was astonishingly cheap and plentiful, but even so, many families we saw had brought

their own provisions in baskets and lustily called for beer while they ate their own food. No one seemed to complain at this freedom taken with the house; the self-providers got as much attention, and as much beer, as those who ordered from the Hofbrau Haus bill of fare.

They were all family parties, thousands of them, old men and women and little children, listening to one of the many orchestras, all having a nice, homely time; all drinking as much good beer as was good for them; no sign of inebriation, flirtations, undue hilarity or rudeness anywhere. It was a great demonstration of the beauties of temperance as contrasted with prohibition.

At the Rathaus, next day, we were in time to hear the clock strike eleven, at which hour, high up in the belfry, almost life-sized marionettes, moved by clockwork, go through a spirited performance. Two knights in armor on horseback tilt at each other until one of them goes down. Each day in the Marien-Platz a huge crowd of citizens gather to see the performance and to applaud the one who is always victorious. Afterward, we were taken up into the tower to see the wheels go round.

But, first, the entire party was taken over the Rathaus with its wonderful carved wainscottings and beautiful paintings in the Aldermanic Chamber and then to another one of those characteristic German luncheons, starting with caviar to make you thirsty and then all kinds of fine wines to quench the thirst.

After luncheon, the entire party made a tour of the almost "illimitable" wine cellars under the Rathaus. Here were great ancient casks of Bavarian wine, huge hogsheads and massive tuns resting on their sides so as best to display the ornate

wood carvings. Many of these wine casks bore effigies of former Burgomeisters, each with a merry flagon in his hand.

Mayor Walker asked where all the wine came from and, when informed that it was purchased, stored, and used by the municipality, he remarked:

"There are some things about civic government we might well learn from Bavaria."

It had been hoped that former Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria would grace the luncheon. He was unable to come, but he sent a very cordial invitation to Mayor Walker to visit him at his castle at Hohenburg; an invitation which the Mayor, on account of time, was forced to decline.

That afternoon, the Mayor, with his friendly guides, the Burgomeister and a delegation of Munich's prominent business men, was taken about the city to see the sights. He saw, at the end of Kaufinger Strasse, the stately column of the Madonna, erected in 1636, and, hard by, Munich's first parish church, built in 1181, the Church of St. Peter, in front of which he saw the fine equestrian statue of Prince Regent Luitpold.

He was taken for a drive through the famous English gardens of 600 acres, in the upkeep and conduct of which Commissioner Herrick was especially interested.

Then he was driven past the Koenigsbahnhof and the Treasury, which contains the famous Blue Danube, and the "Pearl of the Palatinate," which, however, the Mayor had no time to see, for at the Deutsch Museum, Director Otto Von Miller was waiting to welcome him, and show him some of the art treasures which Bavaria has been centuries in amassing.

Tremendously as he admired and was impressed by the wonderful paintings and works of art,

Mayor Walker hurried away as quickly as politeness would let him, for he was determined to see what he could of Munich's housing conditions. On this part of his tour of the poorer quarters of the old city, one of the City Councillors was his guide. Upon his return from the trip the Mayor said:

"I am amazed at the wonderful cleanliness of Munich's streets and even alleys, though I have not, in my drive, seen a single street cleaner at work. I have found out the reason. It is because the citizens of Munich love their city as a part of themselves. They are so proud of the city which is their possession that they do not need to be ordered and policed; though I understand that there are stringent laws against littering the streets with trash. We have similar laws in New York, but what we seem to lack, and that is probably due to the various nationalities which make up our citizenship, is that individual civic pride which makes every dweller in Munich a real advocate and active worker for the cleanliness of his city. If we could only have such citizenship cooperation in New York, what a different appearance our Central Park would have."

He worked long after the sun had gone down and returned to the Regina-Palast only in time for a late dinner; for hasty packing and a mad dash to the railway station where the wagon-lits waited to take us, still in search for rest, to that ideal resting-place of Europe, Venice and The Lido.

"Now I'm really going to get away from work for awhile!" said the Mayor.

Perhaps he overlooked the fact that, no matter where a man travels, he can never get away from himself.

## CHAPTER VII

### VENICE

The City of the Lagoons—Met by Municipal Gondola—  
Counts Orsi and Volpi, the Minister of Finance—Without  
Luggage at the Lido—No Pajamas for the Mayor—  
Hotel Danielli Luncheon—Mass at St. Mark's  
—Notables of Venice—The Palace of the  
Doges—Farewell to the Queen of the  
Adriatic.





## CHAPTER VII

### VENICE

WE entered Venice about noon the next day, Friday, September 2nd, coming into the City of the Lagoons, as most travelers must nowadays, through the back door. Approaching, thus, this "Citta nobilissima e singolare" you bring gradually into view the distant Campanelli and thus, first glimpse the city which you are afterward to love, even while you prepare to embark upon the waters that lap the steps of the ancient marble palaces. All of us, I am sure, felt the thrill that every newcomer to Venice feels as he leaves the railway platform and emerges on the quay, which overlooks the Grand Canal.

Mayor Walker's party was greeted at the station by a most friendly demonstration in which Count Pietro Orsi, Podesta of Venice; Count Volpi, Minister of Finance, and many other officials, representatives of the Prefect and the Fascist party, together with others, participated.

Waiting at the foot of the quay was the grand municipal gondola, of a dull black, like a funeral barge, but decorated with the emblems and coats-of-arms of Venice, and propelled by picturesque, strangely costumed gondoliers. Into this state conveyance Count Orsi escorted Mayor Walker while the rest of his party at once boarded a handsome steam launch bound for the Lido. It is these steam launches that are killing the romance and the poetic charm of the Venetian canals.

Count Orsi conducted Mayor Walker down the Grand Canal (*Il Canalazzo*," the natives call it)

and bade him welcome to the municipal palace, built by Dandolo, the Venetian conqueror of Constantinople, the traditional home of the Doges of Venice. Here, he was interviewed by many Italian newspapermen and some of the foreign correspondents who insistently inquired as to his plans.

"We are here in Venice, at the Lido, to rest, and I am going to rest," said the Mayor. "This is where our vacation begins; and thinking of the tasks that lie before me in Rome and Paris, I am afraid that it is here, also, that my vacation ends."

After his formal visit to the Podesta, Mayor Walker was taken rapidly in a steam launch to the Excelsior Hotel, at the Lido, to rejoin his party.

Beautiful, indeed, is the Lido; the windows of our suite at the Excelsior Hotel gave us all a clear sweep of the lovely Adriatic Sea. Below us, the broad terraces were crowded with tables occupied, not only by many of the nobility of Italy, but by celebrities from every quarter of the globe. To the left, as we looked out, we saw a brilliant tennis match in progress, with many spectators watching; and when we asked the major domo who was playing, he looked through the window and said:

"Count Salm, he who was the husband of Millicent Rogers, is playing with Miss Elizabeth Ryan of America."

The tennis courts here are famous, and during the season, which, when we arrived, was rapidly nearing its close, some of the famous tennis kings of all nations may be seen without any admission fee, playing here.

This was the only time on our entire trip that we had difficulty with our luggage. Usually, we trusted with perfect confidence to Mayor Walker's



*Sunday Morning on the Piazza of St. Mark's, Venice—  
His Honor Feeding the Pigeons*



*The Mayor and Mrs. Walker in the Municipal Gondola of Count Volpi,  
Podesta of Venice*



excellent valet, Abel, a man whom he had been fortunate enough to secure in London. Abel knew something of the American way of doing business, for he had formerly been valet to Mr. Rodman Wanamaker. It was the trip over the Grand Canal and Lagoon, from Venice to the Lido, that had caused us to get ahead of our luggage.

Some of us might have felt peeved over the mishap, which condemned the men of our party to be the only ones at this fashionable resort in ordinary business clothes in the evening, but Jimmy, with his usual good nature and happy smile, which no reverse could check, came to our rooms to see that we were comfortably situated, and when anyone mentioned the absence of his trunk, said:

"Oh, I guess we can all dine in our shirt sleeves if necessary."

Adjourning to the Mayor's private suite, we found him listening to the advice and admonitions of Mr. Finkelstein of New York, an old habitué of the Lido, who, to our surprise, was even at that moment, in the early afternoon, bare-legged and clad in a suit of brilliant silk pajamas.

"Everybody here does it, Mr. Mayor," said Finkelstein. "No one dresses until evening; many of them not even then."

"How in the world do you know," retorted Jimmy, "whether people are just going to bed or just getting up?"

"This is one place where nobody cares," was the laconic reply.

The Mayor vowed that no one was going to catch him in night clothes in the daytime, but there were two of Finkelstein's hearers who heeded his superior wisdom. These were Park Commissioner Walter Herrick and myself.

We slipped away and downstairs where, facing the beach, we found a little shop presided over by a smart English girl, with a couple of Venetian Venuses as helpers, and in less than ten minutes they had sold Walter Herrick a marvelous "creation" in blue and gold with slippers to match.

For myself, I was content with a modest pajama suit of flaming red silk and a white bathing costume trimmed in the same color. I ordered these sent to my room. They went to the Mayor's room by mistake!

"What's the package, Abel?" said the Mayor.

"Seems to be silk pajamas, sir," said the valet.

Recalling his conversation with Finkelstein, the Mayor jumped to the conclusion that probably his friend had sent the garments up.

"Try them on anyway, Jimmy," urged Mrs. Walker, who had come into the room.

"Well, I'll try them, but I guess they're not for me," said the Mayor.

He retired to his bedroom, whence, later, he emerged clad in scarlet splendor. They were a perfect fit.

"How lovely," said Mrs. Walker, "let's go out on the beach."

"Hold on a minute," said Jimmy, "hold on. 'I'm not sure these things are mine. What if I go out there among the countesses and princesses and start swelling around and have some one yell out: 'Hey, there! Take my pants off.' No, no, my dear! Let's wait and see if anyone claims them.'"

And so it was that, though a bit late, I got my pajamas, and seeking moral courage from Commissioner Herrick, who was as splendid as Solomon in all his glory, made my way with him to the golden sands of the Lido.

At the cabin, on the beach, reserved for the Mayor and his party, we found Commissioner McCormack already comfortably ensconced and with him Mayor Walker, who, as he saw us coming, burst into a roar of laughter and cried:

"I knew I was right. The gorgeous pajamas were Hector's and had I worn 'em, he'd be raving yet."

From that time on, no one at the Lido saw Jimmy Walker on the beach in anything but sport clothes.

"I hate to swim, anyway," he said.

\* \* \*

That night, we dined in the grand salon, originally built for the main room of a gambling casino which has been interdicted by Mussolini's orders. We were the only ones "among those present" not in evening clothes.

It was shortly after dinner that special messengers brought to the Mayor and each of his party, beautifully engraved invitations to a luncheon to be held on Monday at the famous old Hotel Danieli. The invitations read on the face of them:

*"Colazione offerta dal Comune di Venezia  
in onore del Signor James Walker  
Sindaco di New York"*

Our acceptances went forward at once.

The next night Mayor Walker and his entire party were the guests of honor at a dinner dance given in Mayor Walker's honor by the Princess San Faustina, in whom it would have been hard to recognize the former belle of New York, Miss Jane Campbell. Those present included Conte and Contessa Bentice Frasso, Principessa Aspasia of Greece, Principessa Viggiano, Conte and Contessa Celani, Baron Wrangel, Don Giulio and Donna

Aileen Branca, Principe and Principessa Colonna, Lady Wimborne, Signorina Arrivabene, Prince and Princess Obolenski, Mrs. Evelyn Toulman, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Conte and Contess Andrea Robilant, Conte Carlo di Robilant, Barone and Baronessa lo Monaco, Mario Pansa, Ambassadorial Secretary to the King of Italy, and many others.

The dinner dance did not break up until five in the morning, but, long before that, Mayor Walker had taken a steam launch back to the Lido and had turned in.

He was up early in the morning, for he and his entire party, whether Catholic or not, had determined to attend Mass at St. Mark's Cathedral, the world-famous edifice of Byzantine architecture. The journey from the Lido to the landing at the foot of the Ducal Palace was made in a fast steam launch. An army of photographers, who had gathered to snapshot the Mayor for the thousandth time, had attracted a huge concourse of curious Venetians, who seemed to have the idea that Mrs. Walker was the Princess Mafalda and Mayor Walker was the Prince of Hesse, her husband.

After Mass, we proceeded to the famous square, where every tourist is photographed feeding the pigeons who have made this their home from time immemorial. Bags of corn had been provided by the anxious photographers, but the unusual size of the crowd and their eagerness in thrusting themselves forward to get a closer glimpse of the Mayor of New York, rather put the pigeons to flight so that they did not gather in their usual overwhelming numbers.

As the Mayor made his way across the Piazzetta to the gondola, he was importuned by dozens of youthful Fascisti to sign his name in their auto-

graph albums. He walked along, laughing at their pleadings and signed his name to every scrap of paper they presented to him, backs of envelopes or anything they proffered. It was Mrs. Walker who finally rescued him from the friendly crowd and got him into the steam launch for the return journey to the Lido.

We had a welcome rest that night, by the shores of the Adriatic with its full moon and placid sea; and it did not take half an eye to see how much good the rest was doing the Mayor, after his strenuous days in Ireland and Germany.

The first thing to do next morning was to get ready for the voyage over the lagoon to the Hotel Danieli for our appointment with the Podesta; Jimmy was determined to be on time.

The Danieli is ingrained with Venetian history, having been built in the third century. It was at one time the palace of that famous Doge who conquered Constantinople in 1204 A.D., and it has since, in its time been used as a residence by many Doges.

As our gondola made its way through the *briccoli*, the ancient well-worn piles to which the gondoliers tie their frail craft, we were met at the doorway by Count Orsi, the Podesta of Venice, and escorted up to the luncheon room where we were met by Count Volpi, the Italian Minister of Finance; Admiral Denti, Count Brandolin, Vice-Podesta; Commendatori Coffari, Prefect of Venice, and General Adriani. Later guests were James B. Young, the American Consul and his Vice-Consul, John E. Holler.

It chanced that both the American Consul and the Vice-Consul were late in arriving at the luncheon; they came after the second course had been served.

"That redeems me," said the Mayor. "Don't let anyone refer to me again as the *late* Mayor of New York. The justice of my policy has been proved. Why, the first time I make a special effort to be on time I am first kept waiting for luncheon and then some of the guests dribble in when the meal is half over. Punctuality is the thief of time."

It would take a gourmet to describe the delectable luncheon that was served. On one side of the menu the titles of the food were written in Italian, which few of us could read; and on the other side was the magic word "Vini," under which was listed:

*Soaye Bianco*  
*Chianti Strayecchio*  
*Gran Spumante Cova E.D.*  
*Liquori*

all of which was served in due course and in priceless Venetian glasses, so that Mayor Walker uttered a great truth when he opened his speech by saying, "This is the best luncheon I have ever drunk."

In a speech of welcome, delivered in Italian, Count Orsi observed that New York must be imbued with a real Fascist spirit in electing to office such a youthful Mayor. "I am quite sure that you, Mr. Mayor," he said, "are all that a typical Fascist should be."

In Count Orsi's speech, which was afterwards translated by Mr. Hollowell, the Venetian correspondent of the United Press, he took care to explain that many visitors to Venice misjudged her by looking upon the "Queen of the Adriatic" as only a glorious museum filled with relics of the past. He said that under the regime of Mussolini, Italians prided themselves on their modern con-

quests in the economic and industrial fields, and were not content to dwell in the past, however glorious it might be. He offered, if the Mayor had time, to conduct him over the factories of Venice; to give him ocular and tangible proofs of the strides Venice has taken toward economic and industrial maturity.

After his opening sally, Mayor Walker declared that he spoke to them as Mayor of the largest Italian city in the world. He said:

"I have not much sympathy with our present policy of limiting immigration, because I believe that the Italians have done more than their share in making New York what it is today. So far as I am concerned, every Italian is welcome in New York; but I can also agree with the policy of your great man, Mussolini, who desires to keep Italians at home to work out the salvation of their own country." He went on to say:

"I have great admiration for the genius and nobility of Mussolini and I feel sure that, with a man of his caliber at the helm, Italy cannot fail to maintain her place among the great powers of the world."

The Mayor's speech was received with cheers and applause, but, while he was being congratulated upon it, he clapped his hand to his forehead and exclaimed:

"My goodness, I forgot to mention Columbus!" Just imagine an American speaking to Italians and forgetting Columbus! Why, if Columbus hadn't discovered America, I probably would be digging potatoes on a farm in Ireland."

After the luncheon at the Hotel Danieli, our generous host insisted on taking us to the Piazza di San Marco. Standing beside the pillar which

is crowned by the winged lion of San Marco, in its dignified attitude with one paw upheld, we were shown those wonderful four bronze horses of Greek origin which were taken once by the Conquerer Napoleon to Paris in 1797, where, for a time, they crowned the Arc de Triomphe, but were returned to Venice in 1816. They were removed again, during the late World War, to Rome, for safety and have only recently been returned.

We had not time for the sightseeing usually allowed to ordinary tourists, but had to rush through a world of treasure houses with only a passing glance and a partially-caught explanation from our hosts; which left one mad with the desire to know more.

We were led to the Ducal Palace, through the principal door, the *Porte della Carta* (Door of the Paper), so-called because, in the old days, paper was sold near this door; and here stood the clerks to spread out the petitions of the citizens. On the way to the staircase, we paused, with time for only a cursory glance, to see those wonderful statues of Adam and Eve by Antonio Rizzo, which are known all over the world today.

Passing by countless wonders, which happier tourists take days, even weeks, to enjoy, we halted in the *Ante College* which was the waiting room for the envoys in the ancient days. This is one of the richest and most harmonious halls in the Palace; for it was here that with great dignity the Venetian Republic used to receive its guests. We had time only to glance at the wonderful ceiling ornamentation by Vincenzo Soamozzi, and the beautiful painting in the center of the ceiling by Paolo Caliari, afterwards known as Paul Veronese, its colors looking as fresh as though it were painted yesterday.



*The Mayor and His Party Leaving St. Mark's, Venice*



Within another sala, hard by, we had time to note a magnificent painting on the ceiling, "The Coronation of Venice," which shows this "Queen City of the Adriatic" sitting enthroned above the earth with her face in half shadow; her attitude all imperial.

So we passed in haste, with scarce a comment from Mayor Walker or from anyone else in the party, save Senator Downing, who seemed to have the ancient history of Venice at the tip of his silver tongue. The rest of us were all too breathless in gazing on wonders that have inspired and enthralled the world. Passing through the great halls full of priceless paintings by Tinteretto, Veronese, Palmas and other artists of the years so far away, our memories were filled with relics of the arts of yesterday; the sculptures of the Greeks; the mosaics of artists later than the Zuccati; wonderful carvings in wood, Sansovine doors; translucent alabaster columns; and an ancient and revered Madonna, bedecked with jewels; brought here from St. Sophia in Constantinople.

We saw a wonderful panorama of marvelous arts and jewelled swords and ancient armor; all of it so fragrant of the past that one may well understand the adoration the poet Browning had for this enchanting city where he lived and loved.

No wonder that Dante found here the inspiration for his verse; that Petrarch found the fire for his memorable sonnets under this Venetian sun; or that Lord Byron loved this jewelled city with a love surpassing that of women.

It was a madly beautiful, brilliantly busy day; and as the sun fell that glorious evening, one could not but recall the words of F. Marion Crawford which came to my mind from the days of long ago:

"Venice!—She has paid for her mistakes with all save her inextinguishable life; she has expiated her sins of ill-faith, of injustice and ingratitude, by the loss of everything but her imperishable charm."

The rest of our stay was an entirely healthful and a much needed rest for the Mayor. Although he consistently refused to appear on the Lido Beach in pajamas, the typically New York sport clothes which he wore constantly attracted attention to him and made him a marked man; so much so, that each day the Venetian papers carried a special bulletin on what the Mayor of New York was wearing.

Each day, the newspapermen of Venice and the correspondents of foreign newspapers clung to him on the beach and when, one day, one of them asked him if he had acquired some knowledge in these foreign cities that would benefit him when he returned to New York, he said:

"It is certainly unnecessary to worry about transit problems in Venice. I don't know whether the gondoliers are organized or not, but I suppose a strike would be futile. The citizens not owning boats could swim wherever they wanted to go, and there is no traffic problem. The highways here are certainly excellent and the Venetian traffic cops are the best in the world."

Persistently Mayor Walker declined all invitations to official ceremonies, begging off on the plea that he had really come to the Lido to rest. The only work that he absolutely *had* to do was to submit to being photographed by the movie men in every conceivable pose.

\* \* \*

At length, alas! all too soon, the time came to leave the Lido and Venice. The sun was sinking

as our entire party embarked on a steam launch for the voyage across the long lagoon, to take the train for Rome. It was the hour of all hours, when Venice looks most mysterious and subtle. The tide was low, and the waters of the lagoon were oily and placid, in strange contrast to the heaving Adriatic sea whose waves had been washing the beach at the Lido from which we were departing.

Even as the dusk fell, the waters of San Marco's basin reflected the deepening blue of the Venetian skies. The lights twinkled from the windows of a hundred palaces, and seemed to vie with the brilliant stars in the heavens above. To the left, as we sailed along dimly, we could make out the islands slowly being enshrouded in a grey, mysterious vapor. Over the surface of the beautiful lagoon, dotted here and there with slow-moving gondolas, we could get glimpses of Cortello Turino. On the horizon, we could faintly see the outline of the Alps to the west of us, while across the silent city we made out the sharp peaks of the Euganean Hills. As the steam launch glided along, leaving an iridescent fire in its wake, we slipped almost imperceptibly out of the lagoon into the Grand Canal, marking as we passed the Hotel Danieli where we had been so lavishly entertained, past the Ducal Palace and the Piazza de San Marco, with our last glimpse of the stately beauty of the Palace of the Doges. From dimly lighted balconies as we passed there came soft notes of music and song, interrupted only by the subdued cries of the gondoliers as, obeying their own traffic laws upon the water, they cry "Premi" which means "go to the right", or "Stali" which is "go to the left".

It was only a matter of moments now, when looking back we saw our last of the Lion of St.

Mark and, forging ahead, we passed for the final time under the Ponte Rialto, from whose beautiful arch there still seem to echo the footsteps of Shylock, Bassanio and Jessica.

A few hundred yards more and we were at the railway station; fairyland was left behind and the puffing of the modern locomotives dispelled our dreams; crass materialism had taken their place.

But it was not the intention of Venice that Mayor Walker and his party should leave like ordinary tourists. Count Orsi and the Podesta, and many of the officials of the Venetian Government were on the platform to bid the Mayor "God-speed" on his journey to Rome. Count di Revel, who had been so charming a host in Venice, was there. And so were the newspaper men; Arnoldi Cortesi of the Associated Press; Hollowell, of the Herald; Bill Carney, the Paris correspondent of the United Press; Baron Wrangel, serving the New York Herald, and many others. At the last moment, came General Patrick Mitchell of Aviation fame to say farewell to the Mayor. To the very last, the two fine chaps who had been assigned by the Venetian Government to guard the Mayor wherever he went, were there to see us safely off.

In spite of the fact that in every hotel at which we stopped on the continent, there was always added to our bill a ten per cent. charge to cover tips to the domestics, and a number of hotels especially requested that further tips be not given, this did not satisfy Jimmy Walker's idea of what was fitting, and he insisted on liberal fees to all domestics who had been of service to him during his stay. And so it was that on the station platform when he said goodbye to the two detectives who had been so assiduous and courteous in their attention to him; keeping out of the way when not wanted;

always there when there was any occasion for their services, he tried to force a 1,000 lira note into their hands as he said goodbye. Not indignantly as if they had been hurt, but with a kind smile of gratification, both men refused to accept the liberal tip which Jimmy proffered.

"No! No! We have been well paid by the Government and it has been a great pleasure to have been with you!" they said.

The Mayor was disappointed, because he really felt that the men who had been working day and night to see that no ill befell him, were entitled to some extra compensation.

He felt that Count Revel, being an Italian, might be more successful, but when the Count took the two police officers aside, all his rapid-fire talk and eloquent gestures were of no avail, and the 1,000 lira note returned to Mayor Walker's pocket-book. The last we saw, as the train pulled out, were the cheery smiles and happy countenances of the two men as they saw the celebrity, who had been their chief responsibility for nearly a week, safe on his way to Rome.



## CHAPTER VIII

### ROME

The City of the Cæsars—Guests of Monsignors Breslin and  
Burke—Meeting Pinedo the Ace—Modern Housing in  
Rome—Ambassador Fletcher—Visit to St. Peter's—  
Received by His Holiness the Pope—Interview  
with Mussolini — Breaks All Records —  
Luncheon at Villa Celemontant—Colos-  
seum by Moonlight — Mascagni  
the Composer—With Prince  
Potenziani to Tomb of  
Unknown Soldier—  
Dinner by Count  
di Revel.







*In the Office of Benito Mussolini in Rome. From left to right—The Author, Mrs. James J. Walker, Comm. Wm. McCormack, Senator Bernard Dowling, Count T. di Revel, Hon. James J. Walker, Il Duce Benito Mussolini, Comm'r Walter Herrick, Miss Evelyn Wagner, Miss Gibson (Mussolini's English Teacher), Prince Potenziani Spada, Governor of Rome.*



## CHAPTER VIII

### ROME

WE had a wonderful journey through ancient Padua, Ferrara and Bologna; over the passes of the Etruscan Apennines; through Perugia, skirting the lake of Sabatinus, and, after a night's journey, rolling across the ancient Tiber to the Eternal City.

All eyes were fixed on the windows of the train as we approached the City of the Caesars, but the Campagna varied little from that which we had been enjoying all day; villas on the hillside; ancient castles on the crags; vineyards and cultivated fields; and, by the wayside, curious Italians standing in their doorways waving friendly hands as we passed.

The first sign that we were nearing Rome was the sight of the ruins of the Virgo, one of the ancient aqueducts built by Agrippa in 27 B. C., and now known as the Trevi. This is the aqueduct that brought the soft water of the hills, far away, to the huge baths of Dionysius and Caracalla.

The program for our arrival in Rome had all been arranged. There had been one day at the Lido when, from the beach I had been summoned to the 'phone by H. J. T. Horan, the Rome correspondent of the International News Service and an old friend of mine, who told me over the far stretching wire that he had been in consultation with the officials of the North American College in Rome. He said he was aware that Mayor Walker looked forward with the greatest eagerness to his interview with His Holiness, the Pope. and he added:

"Monsignor Joseph Breslin of the American College has made all the arrangements. There is a very rigid etiquette in such matters, especially because the Mayor and his entire party are going to have a special audience with His Holiness, the Pope. You will, of course, go to the Hotel Excelsior as you have already arranged, but ostensibly at least you are to be the guests of the American College. Monsignor Burke and Monsignor Breslin will meet you at the station and tell you in detail of the arrangements. It is traditional etiquette that the honor of meeting His Holiness, the Pope, takes precedence over official calls outside of the Vatican."

This we quite understood, and therefore were not surprised when the first person to greet us as we got off the train was Monsignor Burke, Rector of the North American College in Rome, who escorted us to the Hotel Excelsior, in company with the usual horde of newspaper men and photographers.

Monsignor Breslin, Vice Rector of the American College, and formerly curate of the Mayor's New York parish church, St. Joseph's, in Greenwich Village, was particularly anxious that everything should go well on our official visit to the Vatican and he had a private talk with Mrs. Walker and Miss Evelyn Wagner in which he, assuming for the nonce the role of modiste, instructed them carefully as to the proper garb to wear when going to an audience at the Vatican. He emphasized the propriety of this; as he told Mrs. Walker:

"There has always been some difficulty about getting ladies, especially American ladies, to conform to the wishes of the Vatican in regard to the proper costume in which to appear before His Holiness, the Pope. I regard it as highly import-

ant, then, that you, as the wife of the Mayor of New York, should be so 'de rigueur' in your costume that we can ever afterward point to a picture of the costume you wear and urge those who follow after to profit by the example you will set."

Mrs. Walker was so convinced of the good sense and solicitous care of this homily from Monsignor Breslin that she and Miss Wagner enlisted the services of a Roman lady who was recommended to them and went forth to buy such things as their wardrobes lacked. For the men of the party, Monsignor Breslin instructed us simply that we must don full evening dress without the white waistcoat and should make no display of jewelry.

Also, on the platform to greet us, was H. J. T. Horan, Baron Wrangel, assistant correspondent of the International News, who was a great help to us, and Count di Revel, long a resident of America, who had come with us from Venice. In the United States he is the nominal head of the Fascist party. In Rome, he is a friend of Mussolini and exercises a great deal of influence. He voluntarily acted as our cicerone; and besides showing us many of the sights of Rome, one of the features of our stay was a most charming dinner that he gave to us at the Hotel Ambassadeur, of which I shall speak later.

First of all, Commissioners Herrick, McCormack and myself took a walk from the Excelsior Hotel, out past the now vacant but magnificent palace formerly occupied by the Queen Mother which is directly opposite the Excelsior Hotel, and which was used as a hospital during the War. We were on a little shopping expedition. Although the day was tremendously hot, we wandered down through a street filled with antique dealers and glove-makers, until we emerged at last on the

Piazza del Popolo at the foot of which is the ancient fountain shaped like a boat and attributed to Bernini. We took our seats in front of a wine shop to refresh ourselves. Immediately opposite was a charming church which belonged to the French nuns.

Too hot to walk any further and being ashamed to take one of the open victorias which thronged the piazza, waiting with their lean horses to haul twice their weight uphill, we took a taxi and drove through the famous Borghese Villa and the gardens attached to it, and drew up at the Casino. Here, by a bit of chance, we found the rest of our party getting ready for luncheon on a beautiful balcony, overlooking a fine collection of Roman sculptures executed in precious marbles. Here it was that Mayor Walker was delighted to meet again General Francesco de Pinedo, the well-known aviator, whom he had last met on the steps of the City Hall in New York, and with whom we had a glass of Roman champagne for old time's sake.

After luncheon, as the Mayor was to be officially received nowhere, and as my semi-official call on the American Embassy had been made, leaving the cards of the Mayor, together with those of the other members of the party, as a matter of courtesy, we spent the rest of that afternoon riding first through the Via Nazionale, that new thoroughfare which is one of the great improvements inaugurated by Mussolini; and to the beginning of the Piazza delle Terme in which the principal railway station is situated, and which connects the upper part of the city by a broad straight road with the Piazza di Venezia; from whence it runs through the heart of the ancient city until it reaches

St. Peter's Cathedral by a new bridge over the Tiber near the old Ponte di San'Angelo.

We were taken through the wonderful tunnel under Quirinal Hill, one of the most recent municipal works; it forms a connecting channel between the streets of the north end of the old city and the upper part of Rome, to the Via Nazionale. Along the way we stopped to admire the new Law Courts, a stately marble building, literally covered with obviously new statuary.

Jimmy Walker, who never lost an opportunity of looking out for things that would help him in his task as Chief Executive of a city of six million souls, took a great deal of pains to seek out some of the poorer quarters of Rome where the laboring classes live. The weather was fine, and, everywhere we went, we saw many families having their afternoon meals on tables set in front of their houses. We had the privilege of looking inside two or three of the houses which, exteriorly, did not impress one with their cleanliness, and were agreeably astonished to find how neat and clean were the beds, how tidy the kitchens and how, almost invariably, every house, no matter how poor, was decorated with flowers in bloom.

Then the Mayor particularly noted the Urban tramways which run in various directions down no less than forty-nine of the ancient and modern Roman streets. Most of them are of the "pay-as-you-enter" kind. With our ignorance as to the relative value of Italian and American currency, it was a little difficult to comprehend just what fare was paid and how it was adjusted, but we had a fine talk with the superintendent of the tramway lines and he promised to send a report on the subject back to New York so that the Mayor might study it more closely.

It seemed like home, to see modern motor buses running along the Appian Way in every direction; to Isola Farnese, to Mare-Ardea, Ostia-Fiumicino and many other nearby towns. We found out there was no central bus depot in Rome but that each bus had its appointed leaving place. Some of them leave from the Pratica di Mare, some leave from the Pantheon, others from the Piazza del Popolo and other prominent spots in Rome.

We met that night at the Excelsior Hotel. Count Revel took us to dinner at the Basilica Ulpia—an old Roman temple half in ruins, which has, through the course of the centuries, been rebuilt into a fashionable restaurant where gather the elite of Roman society. One of its curiosities is its bar and cellar, deep beneath the ground, whose shelves of the native rock are covered with cobwebbed bottles of ancient vintages. After dinner the Count took us down to the Theater Bonboniera where we sat for an hour or less watching a rather indifferent variety show. What seemed to us rather tame and indifferent acting with little fun in it, was enthusiastically received by the large Roman audience. I never heard such rapturous applause with so little apparent excuse.

After the variety show, Count di Revel invited us to accompany him to a cabaret, but Mayor Walker and the ladies were tired; Jimmy excused himself and, getting into a taxi, drove back to the Excelsior Hotel to keep Senator Bernard Downing company. The rest of us, more for curiosity than for any other reason, dropped into a cabaret which was down a dark unlighted street and up a tortuous alley; but when we entered it was all light and gaiety, laughter and song. Count di Revel being very well known, the obsequious proprietor led us to a table set in an alcove and, there-

fore, with a certain degree of privacy. We were hardly seated before we noticed that all eyes were turned on two colored men who were on the floor dancing with two blonde French women. It was not the potential social problem that attracted attention to the dancers, it was the peculiarly skillful and enthusiastic way in which the colored men danced that caused even the dancers on the floor to stand still and watch them. There were other Americans in the cabaret that night, probably some southerners with old-time prejudices. At any rate, we saw some of them speak to the manager of the cabaret and shortly thereafter the manager went out on the floor and whispered to one and then to the other of the colored men, who somewhat sheepishly wandered from the floor and down to the outskirts of the crowd, had a drink by themselves, and finally wandered out. We left shortly after the episode.

By this hour, I am sure, Mayor Walker had already long been home and in bed, and yet ten days or more after we had left Rome, this episode, to which I myself was an eye-witness, was used as the basis for a story, utterly false, in which it was charged that Mayor Walker had been in this cabaret, a place he never even entered, and it was he who ordered the negroes ejected from the dance floor. The thing was fabricated out of the whole cloth, and when, some time afterward, we were on the high seas on the *Ile de France*, and a cablegram reached Mayor Walker telling him that the Italian daily *Il Progresso* had published a story about his having caused the negroes to be ejected from a cabaret in Rome, his answer was:

"It is too ridiculous even to be considered seriously."

The next morning started on a note of deep gloom, for the morning's paper brought the news to Mayor Walker that the American aviators, Bertaud, Hill and Payne, had been obliged to make a forced landing in the ocean. Mayor Walker had hoped all along that he would get to Rome in time to welcome the fliers there, as he had learned that Rome was their objective. Phil. Payne was a personal friend of the Mayor's; and although the Italian papers were optimistic and believed that the daring aviators might have been rescued, the Mayor was plainly depressed and his usual smile vanished for a time so that he paid little attention to his numerous friends and admirers about him.

"It's terrible," he kept muttering.

When, an hour or so later, the Italian newspapers published more gloomy reports and our friends, the American correspondents, brought in special bulletins that there was no hope for the fliers, the Mayor said:

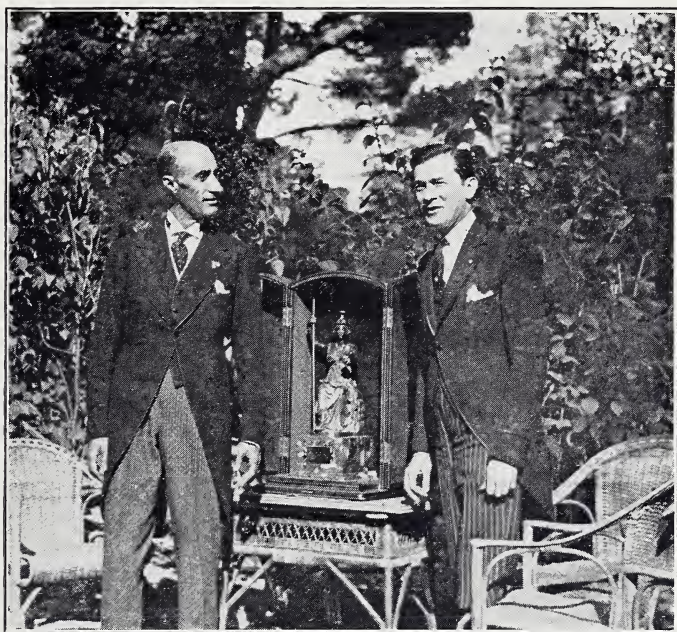
"It is another proof of the dangers and sacrifices that Americans will bear for the advancement of science and civilization. The utter failure of this noble enterprise, and especially the loss of these three gallant men, shocks me beyond words. I am especially grieved to learn that my good friend, Phil. Payne, went down with 'Old Glory'. But, he lived as he died, a game man."

A little later the American Ambassador to Rome—Henry Prather Fletcher—called on Mayor Walker at the Excelsior Hotel and joined him and his party in a sight-seeing tour which was personally conducted by Monsignor Breslin.

The first visit paid by the Mayor and his party was directly to St. Peters. That central Cathe-



*The Mayor and His Party Descend the Steps of the Victor Emmanuel Monument at the Head of Which Stands the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier*



*Prince Potenziani Spada, Governor of Rome, Presents the Mayor of New York with the Famous Bronze Statue which Now Rests in the City Hall, New York.*



dral of Christendom is so massive, few people can have any idea of its proportions; for the mind is staggered by its immensity. No man, standing for the first time on the pavement of St. Peter's can make even a wild guess as to the size of the marvel at which he is looking. The Mayor was not at all astonished when Monsignor Breslin told him that it took at least 50,000 persons to fill the nave and transept.

And, standing on this sacred spot, Monsignor Breslin told us how St. Peter's came into being; how thirty years after the Apostle had died on the Janiculum, there had been a bishop called Anacletus, who had been ordained by St. Peter, himself. He told us how this Anacletus had built a little oratory, a very small chapel, at which only three or four persons could kneel and pray over the grave; and that was the beginning of St. Peter's Church!

A short while after the death of Anacletus, certain Greeks tried to steal away the body of St. Peter which had been buried close to Nero's circus, so, for safety, the Roman Christians carried it away, and it reposed for some months in the Catacombs of Saint Sebastian, after which it was brought back again and laid in its old place. But when the new circus was built by Nero Elagabalus they took it once more to the same Catacombs. When Constantine came to power and built the first church of St. Peter's, over the little oratory of Anacletus, and the church was consecrated by Pope Sylvester the First in the year 326, the body of St. Peter was brought back for the last time with great concourse and ceremony. There, in its brazen sarcophagus, it has lain for all the centuries.

The Mayor and his party stood before the world-famous inscription:

"Thou art Peter; and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." And, accompanying Monsignor Breslin, all of the party devoutly knelt in prayer before the tomb of the Great Apostle.

Of course the trip through St. Peter's had necessarily to be a hurried one but we were taken to see the wondrous Altar where the Pope celebrates Mass on rare formal occasions, and Mayor Walker expressed surprise at the distance the Supreme Pontiff must traverse from his throne to the Altar. The party was taken into the Crypt and were privileged to kneel again before the tomb of the two war-time Popes, Pius the Tenth and Benedict the Fifteenth. In front of one of the Altars, two nuns were praying. Somehow, in spite of their devotions, they seemed to hear that the man kneeling at the other Altar was the Mayor of New York City and they hurriedly closed their prayers and silently glided away.

One of the things that interested the Mayor and his party most, were the wonderful paintings by Michael Angelo upon the walls; his more wonderful picture "The Last Judgment", and Raphael's "The Transfiguration"; the Mayor was surprised to learn that these were not the originals as painted by the great artists. Monsignor Breslin explained that the authorities had found that the old paintings were suffering from the inclemencies of the weather, so great artists in marble had been called in; the original paintings were removed from the walls, and are now reposing in the Vatican Library. The paintings themselves have been reproduced in marble mosaic; in some cases hun-

dreds of pieces of marble to the square inch, and the work has been so deftly and artistically done that you cannot tell the mosaics from the original paintings.

Mayor Walker expressed a wish to see the Catacombs of Saint Sebastian which in olden times had sheltered the martyred body of St. Peter. So the automobiles wended their way along the famous Appian Way, past the Temple of the Vestal Virgins, over the Corso; and came at last to one of the oldest chapels in Rome, and the newly discovered Catacombs; discovered by one of the monks who fell through a weak place in the floor and found it all hollow underneath. The monks have already discovered religious relics of great historical value, and the priest in charge declared to Mayor Walker that there was little doubt that St. John the Evangelist had found his final resting place there, and that they were in hope, ere long, of finding his tomb.

Leaving the Catacombs of Saint Sebastian, the Mayor was taken through St. Paul's Basilica outside the gates, one of the most ancient edifices in Rome, not long ago destroyed by fire but now rapidly being restored to its early dignity and splendor.

Then, full of that "hungry curiosity of the eye", of which Stevenson speaks; we drove with our friendly guide through a city whose every step is redolent with history and romance, only able, of course, to comprehend a tithe of all the wonders which were so rapidly shown. We passed the house which was once a part of the great old Villa Negroni, the house now in ruins; but here once lived Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, and here he modelled the great Statue of Liberty that now crowns the Capitol in Washington; and also Wash-

ington's own monument which stands in Richmond, Virginia.

We came in the afternoon to the Grand Fountain of Trevi, that famous fountain about which they say, that whoever will go to it when the high moon shines upon its waters, drink the water, and toss a coin far into the middle of the fountain, shall surely come back to Rome; old or young, sooner or later.

On the way back we stopped before the Castle of Sant' Angelo and saw the little open space before the bridge that used to be the place of public execution; and here it was, our guide pointed out, that Beatrice Cenci died, and left that tragic story of offended innocence and of revenge and expiation, which will not be forgotten while Rome is remembered.

Then came that memorable day; a day in which two emotions of awe and pride rose to the highest point they had ever reached in my life. Promptly at eleven o'clock Monsignor Burke and Vice-Rector Breslin, clad in full canonicals, called at the Excelsior Hotel for us; we were all ready and waiting for them. Certainly it seemed strange on a day when the sun was beating fiercely on the city, and none of us had had breakfast, to find ourselves fully clad as if for a ball. It was too hot to wear overcoats so, silk-hatted and with full evening clothes; with Mrs. Walker and Miss Wagner looking beautiful draped in solemn black to the ankles and with lace mantillas on their heads and swathed about their throats, we entered a limousine and were driven to the Vatican.

We approached the pontifical palace, adjacent to and connected with the Basilica of St. Peter's, by way of the great piazza; once more impressed by the very majesty of the size of these great

monuments to Christianity, by far the greatest continuous mass of buildings anywhere in the world. And this continuity of structure must be infinitely extended if one takes into account the secret gallery which connects the Vatican with the Mausoleum of Hadrian.

As we drew near, Monsignor Burke pointed out the Papal Residence and the corner windows of the second story, to the rooms occupied by "Sua Santita", at which, I think we all got an anticipatory thrill in the realization that we were so soon to have the honor of seeing the man who, even to a non-Roman Catholic, stands out as one of the greatest figures of influence and power in the world today. And as, slowly, our speed seeming to partake of the dignity of the occasion, we approached, our kindly guides, to whom, through long years of devotion, every stone of this sacred place is familiar—pointed out the various divisions of the Vatican, the Sistine Chapel, the Pauline Chapel, the Borgia Tower, the Stanza and Loggia of Raphael and the Court of Damasus.

To what particular door we drove up at last, I am unable to state and I feel confident, perhaps I say this to excuse myself, that amid the tenseness and the strangeness and the awe, no one of my companions, not even the Mayor of New York, could be explicit on this point.

I only know that, as we alighted, we saw a great concourse of curious strangers and devotees who gave us a little cheer, and then there was a burst of glorious color as the famous Swiss Guards in their brilliant uniforms stood to attention and formed parallel lines through which we had to pass. The sun was reflected from their shiny brass helmets and halberds as they presented arms, the

while the Papal Master of Ceremonies came forward to meet us with outstretched hands.

Preceded by the "Sedari", the bearers of the Papal Sedan chair, all garbed in brilliant scarlet, we were taken to the Loggia of Raphael where the guard was changed, and our march was now preceded by gendarmes in full dress uniform, surmounted by huge bear-skin busbys such as are worn on state occasions by New York's Old Guard.

Thus we were led through many anterooms, each seeming more beautiful and ornate than the last. First into the Sala Clementina, the hall of the *pal-frenieri* and *sediarii*, that is, of the grooms and chair porters; then into the hall of the gendarmes, the ante chamber of the Palatine Guard; then into the hall of the officer on duty, the hall of the Arras, that of the Chamberlains and Noble Guards and, at last, the ante-chamber of the *Maestro di Camera*. And through all these rooms we were accompanied by the "*camerieri segreti*" who did the honors in full dress, wearing their chains of gold and silver, their medals with ribbons, and carrying their staves.

Utmost silence prevailed as we waited in patience, not unmixed with awe, in the chamber just outside the private library of His Holiness Pope Pius XI. In a low voice Monsignor Caccia Dominioni, Master of the Chamber, gave us each simple instructions as to the proper manner of entering the Presence; enjoining each of us to say no word to His Holiness unless directly spoken to.

Afar off, it seemed, a silvery bell tinkled, and Monsignor Breslin, taking the Mayor and Mrs. Walker by the arm, led them to the door of the private library which opened instantly as they approached.

The rest of us stood outside, waiting; the while officers of the Pope's guard paced up and down in front of us, their footfalls silent in the thick pile of the priceless carpet.

For ten long minutes we waited thus; His Holiness according a longer private interview than is usual, to the Mayor of New York. Afterwards, Mayor Walker told us what had transpired during that ten minutes' wait.

When Mayor and Mrs. Walker entered they were led to the slightly raised dais on which His Holiness stood and they knelt, as he extended his hand, and kissed the Papal Ring. Then, with a paternal air, the Pope raised them to their feet and bade them sit. He graciously said that he remembered that Mrs. Walker had been presented before and then he thanked the Mayor for his visit.

"But", said His Holiness, "You seem so young a man to be the governor of so great a city."

The Mayor, with full knowledge of the weight of his forty-six years upon him, assured His Holiness he was older than he looked.

In most gratifying and complimentary terms, the Pope spoke of New York as a metropolis that was dear to his heart, for, he said, it had given eloquent proof of its generosity. His Holiness asked the Mayor many questions about New York's government; its schools, police, playgrounds, churches and parks; questions which in themselves showed an astonishing familiarity with the city which contains within its precincts more Italians than even Rome can boast.

His Holiness took special pains to thank Mayor Walker for the wonderful reception New York had accorded to His Eminence Cardinal Bonzano, Papal Legate to the Eucharistic Congress, and he

mentioned particularly the illumined Scroll of Welcome which the City of New York had presented, on that occasion, remarking that it was such a fine piece of work that he had induced Cardinal Bonzano to surrender it to him, so that it might be placed in the Vatican Library.

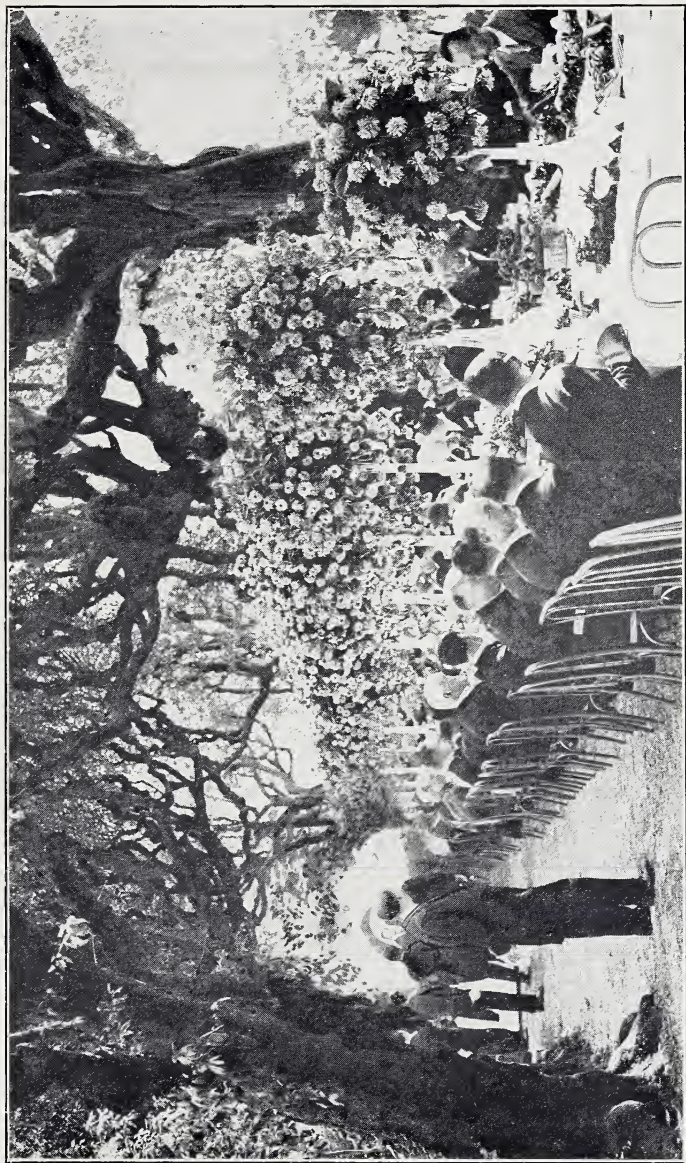
"I'm glad to hear that", said Mayor Walker, and he generously added:

"The man who wrote that Scroll is a member of my entourage and will have the honor of being presented to Your Holiness later."

Another bell tinkled and in the order named we were all ushered into the private library by Monsignor Breslin. First went Miss Evelyn Wagner, then Senator Bernard Downing, followed by Commissioner William McCormick and Park Commissioner Walter R. Herrick. It was my turn to enter last.

It has been my privilege during a long life to meet many of the great people of the earth; great soldiers such as General Sherman and Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts; great sailors such as Beresford of "Well done, Condor" fame, and Admiral Togo who was a fellow cadet on my old training ship, H. M. S. Worcester; great statesmen in many lands, many rulers such as the Emperor of Japan; His Majesty, the King of England, Queen Marie of Roumania, and others, but never in my impressions, has any presence been so masterful; my feelings so dominated with awe, and as I gazed at Pope Pius my heart was filled with reverence.

For it was not alone what this tall, dignified, serious-looking and benignant individual seemed to be in his own dominating presence; one seemed to see and to feel all that he stood for; a living head of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church;



*Scene at the Outdoor Luncheon Given by Prince Potenziani Spada at the Villa Celimontana in  
Honor of the Mayor of New York*



steward as well as consecrated arch-head of a faith spreading all over the world!

And so one may be forgiven, I hope, if on such an occasion one's memory was swamped by emotions too deep in their very source to allow the external sense to take note of lesser things.

I know that as I entered the door I faced a screen and on emerging from behind it I saw the Mayor and his suite standing in a row before a low platform.

And on that platform, the Pope stood, clad in a white robe. He had white sandals on his feet and a white cap on his head. His hands, I noticed what strong and capable-looking hands they were, hung by his side, and, as if through a mist, I noticed the large amethyst ring upon his finger which I had been instructed to kiss. And then my eyes took in a golden chain about his neck from which hung suspended the pectoral cross, studded with colored jewels.

I know that instinctively, and not because I had been told to do it, I fell upon one knee; rose again, advanced, and made another genuflexion as His Holiness stretched forth his hand and I touched my lips to his ring. Then I would have backed away, as I have done before in the presence of lesser royalties than this. But Monsignor Breslin stayed me with a touch upon my shoulder.

Then, His Holiness spoke in deep and vibrant musical tones, the liquid Latin, sonorous and rich like music. I cannot tell what he said, the while he spoke and Father Burke interpreted his speech, but when he had concluded I knelt again and touched his hand and somehow, in a maze, found myself in line with my companions.

But though, because it touched me so nearly, I find myself unable to detail it, I think it fair that

I should quote from the *New York Times*, their correspondent's account of this memorable interview.

"The remainder of the Walker party were then admitted and the Pope spoke a few words to each as they knelt and kissed his ring. When Mr. Walker's personal aide, Hector Fuller, was introduced, Pius detained him and said:

"You must be the man who wrote the diploma of honorary citizenship of New York City for Cardinal Bonzano when he passed through on his way to Chicago for the Eucharistic Congress."

When Mr. Fuller admitted this the Pope continued:

"I wish to congratulate you. It is a fine piece of work. When Cardinal Bonzano showed it to me, I asked him to give it to me and I had it placed in the Vatican archives for the edification of future generations.'"

Monsignor Eugene S. Burke, Rector of the American College, now stood on the platform close to the Pope and from his hands, His Holiness took a leather case containing an ornate gold medal of himself which he presented to Mayor Walker. To Mrs. Walker he gave a magnificent rosary and crucifix of gold with golden beads, and to each of the members of the Walker suite he presented silver medals of his own effigy. Each individual bowed reverently as he took the gift from the Supreme Pontiff's hands and then, as we all paused with bowed heads, the Holy Father raised his right hand and pronounced the Apostolic Blessing "on each of you, according to your intentions" he said.

And then he bowed slightly; through the gold rims of his spectacles there shone a beneficent

glance; the firm lips parted in a beatific smile; the audience was over!

\* \* \*

When we returned to the Excelsior Hotel, we found, standing at the entrance, two brilliantly-uniformed soldiers with drawn swords who saluted us as our automobiles drove up. As the Mayor stepped inside the entrance, he was greeted by Prince Spada Potenziani, Governor of Rome, who spoke English perfectly, and who proved to be the soul of courtesy. It was he who had ordered the soldiers on guard at the hotel to keep in order the crowd of curious Roman citizens who blocked the passageway every time the automobiles were ordered for the Mayor or his party. It was he, also, who had ordered the American flag to be flown from the balcony of the suite occupied by Mayor Walker; and also, with tender care for his guests, it was Prince Potenziani who had placed two private detectives on duty. These men, while seldom ostentatiously in the way, never let the Mayor out of sight day or night, wherever he went.

As soon as the customary interview, with the throng of curious newspaper men, who wanted to hear all about his audience with the Pope, was over, Prince Potenziani and his friend Count di Revel, head of the New York Fascist Party, did the Mayor the honor of taking luncheon with us and after luncheon it was time to proceed to the Chigi Palace, Governmental headquarters in Rome.

The Mayor and his party were taken upstairs in the Palace to the front room. Outside the French doors of this room is the balcony from which Mussolini often talks to the people gathered

in the square. After a wait of only four or five minutes we were summoned into Mussolini's private rooms. Accompanied by Prince Potenziani and Count Revel who introduced the Mayor and the members of his party to Il Duce, we all stood in line while the Great Italian Dictator rose impressively from his chair and shook hands with each in turn. He spoke English slowly and with apparent difficulty but with slight accent. In perfectly conventional words, he made us all welcome to Rome; and then, glancing uneasily around the room as if he was not quite sure what to do, he put his hand on Mayor Walker's shoulder and said:

"Come, let us talk together!" upon which broad hint Prince Potenziani motioned us to leave the room and himself preceded us, leaving Mussolini and Mayor Walker alone.

While the interview lasted, the rest of us sat out in the front room discussing the huge monument of Hadrian which was just outside the windows, and many other things, the while Count Revel kept anxious glances on the clock. When half an hour had passed, Count Revel said:

"By George, I've never known him to give so long an interview," and he seemed to be uneasy.

But still the minutes went by, until by actual count the interview had lasted forty-six minutes, the longest interview that Mussolini since he came to power, had ever accorded to a visitor.

That interview over, we were all taken back into Mussolini's room and again shook hands with him and then Mussolini summoned what is apparently his own corps of motion picture men, for they had Klieg lights and all the apparatus ready. There was the motion picture operator and the light man,

and these people Mussolini instructed as if he were a motion picture director. It was the Italian Dictator, himself, who placed us all in the order in which he wanted us to stand, and when all was ready, it was he who gave the signal for the camera operator to begin turning his crank. It was evident that even in little things he is determined to be the boss.

One could not help being struck by the room in which Mussolini works. The great desk set over in the corner with the electric lights so placed that they shine full on his face. To the right of the desk stands a huge bust that is being made of him by a famous sculptor, and toward which, from time to time, he looks with eyes of affection. On the other side of the desk there stands on an easel a large oil painting about five feet by three which is a very graphic and realistic portrait of Benito Mussolini seated at his work with the light shining on his face and the deep-set eyes almost glaring from the canvas. It was all very impressive—and very much Mussolini.

After the interview and our return to the Excelsior Hotel there gathered forty or fifty newspaper men who were anxious to know the results of the interview.

"It's from the chin up that he has got it," said the Mayor. "You don't notice the rest of him. He is the greatest figure of modern times."

The Mayor was surprised to find how well Mussolini spoke English and he was also amazed at Mussolini's knowledge of New York's housing, traffic, transportation and court problems. The Mayor made a tremendous impression on Il Duce by reporting the success which Italian immigrants have won in the United States and how many of

them have risen from laborers, bootblacks, and porters, to positions of power in financial, commercial and industrial enterprises. He told Mussolini:

"My own home in St. Luke's Place, Greenwich Village, is almost surrounded by Italians who, through hard work, have risen high in the social scale." Later, he told Mussolini:

"It has been one of the greatest honors of my European tour to meet you. I really believe you are the greatest figure in modern times and I have long admired you."

To the newspaper men he said:

"I can understand, without difficulty, after talking with Mussolini for forty-six minutes why he has been the wonderfully successful man that the world recognizes.

"Some of you chaps ask me how he was dressed. I want to say frankly, I didn't even notice. I don't know whether he wore a cutaway like mine, or riding breeches.

"We discussed things in general. I enjoyed him immensely and hope he felt that he was not squandering his time in talking to me. Indeed, he showed tremendous interest in New York City. I find him a man of great personal attraction; like all great men, a man of great mental strength and at the same time a man of deep sympathy. Obviously, he is a man of superior attainments. Just think of the novelty Mussolini introduced in his dealings with the Italian people. When he came into power, he did not, like most rulers do, begin by asking what the Italian people wanted, so that he might increase his popularity. Instead, he began by telling the Italian people what he was going to take away from them. He took away

all that was necessary to make them better citizens and instead of hating him for it, they love him. His one outstanding success lies in the fact that he is a genuine humanitarian."

Continuing, the Mayor said:

"I don't believe it would be good form for me to repeat what he said, especially since, when he wants to be quoted, he has his own press bureau through which he gives out what he wants to say."

After giving this interview to the newspaper men, the Mayor, in company with Prince Potenziani, drove off to see some of the poorer quarters of Rome and to investigate the housing conditions and some other problems that might have a bearing on New York City government. And, while he was gone, a newspaper man who happened to belong to Mayor Walker's party, suggested to the assembled correspondents that while many of the great people of the world had gone to see Mussolini and coming away had given their impressions of Mussolini and what he stood for, there had never been an occasion on which Mussolini himself had commented on any of his visitors. It was suggested that it might be a good thing to find out what Mussolini thought of Jimmy Walker.

Miss Gibson, who is Mussolini's teacher of English, and is also a correspondent for the *New York Herald*, together with other of the foreign correspondents felt quite sure that Mussolini would not give out any statement, but at any rate the request was made and in fifteen minutes afterwards, Mussolini sent out for publication the following statement:

"Mayor Walker is young, not only in appearance but also in spirit. He is a man of great

talent, an idealist, and a practical man at the same time. Therefore, he is highly fitted to govern the great metropolis where millions of Italians live and whom the New York Mayor has praised, saying they were upright, hard-working and obedient to American laws. Mayor Walker has left me with a feeling of greatest sympathy. I believe his journey through Italy will be instrumental in furthering that better reciprocal knowledge of our two peoples which is the basis of true and lasting friendship between them."

On his return from his trip around the city with the Prince of Rome, Mayor Walker said:

"I have found here, in Rome, the greatest encouragement I have ever had for our housing problem in New York. I have learned this afternoon that Rome has much the same housing problem which we have, with the advantage that the city owns the lands for the new popular-priced apartments they are building which any man can afford; whereas in New York, we have to buy the land. But Rome has done the same thing that we contemplate doing. It has torn out the antiquated buildings in the heart of the city and is building modern sanitary apartments which rent at minimum figures. I have found out that the monthly rent per room in the new Roman Municipal houses is only \$1.50 in American money. Of course, building can be done much cheaper in Italy and the houses are built on land that's free; but it shows what a big margin we have in our plan for building apartments on a rental basis of \$8.00 monthly a room. Rome interested me, most of all, because the Municipal houses are built on ground long inhabited which is New York's problem, whereas in Germany, which has gone scienti-



*The Mayor and His Party Leaving St. Peter's, Rome*



fically into the housing problem, it has been possible on account of the size of the city to open entirely new tracts making model suburbs, whereby houses can be let at the minimum rent. Fortunately, we have in our charter the right to condemn along newly widened streets and what I've seen in Europe and especially in Rome, gives me a vision of new happiness, of air and sunshine for New York's millions and I am more eager than ever to push our housing plans forward."

The Mayor had also that afternoon paid a visit to two of Rome's best hospitals and on this subject he said:

"When it comes to equipment for individual hospitals, we surpass anything they have here in Europe."

\* \* \*

That evening, at the hotel, came special messengers clad in uniform, who brought to Mayor and Mrs. Walker, and to each member of the party, beautifully prepared invitations to a reception on the morrow to be given in honor of the Mayor, by the Governor of Rome. The invitations read:

By the Prince of Rome—

(I reproduce here a copy of the invitation which each of us received.)

Il Governatore di Roma si pregia invitare

Mr. Hector Fuller

alla colazione che avia luogo a Villa Celimontana il 10 Settembre 1927 Anno V alle ore 13 in onore del Signor James J. Walker, Sindaco di New York Si accede da Piazza della Navicella, 4

Si prega di rispondere

And so, at noon next day, we followed the instructions on our carte de invitation and all of us

"civile" clad ourselves in the garments designated as "Redingote o tight" and passing by our ever-saluting guards at the hotel door, drove to the historic Celemontana, which lies almost in the shadow of the Colosseum. How ancient the place is, no one could tell us, but in modern times it has been the stage whereon European potentates have been feasted, and many a crowned head entertained.

The Prince was at the door to greet us and with him his charming daughter, the Princess Myriam. Back of our hosts, stood, in array, a formidable company; members of the Diplomatic Corps; members of the Roman Government; officers of the army and navy, and many nobles. The only Americans outside of officialdom besides ourselves were Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Shearer of New York with their pretty daughter Sonya and General Wm. Mitchell of Aviation fame and Harold J. T. Horan, the well-known correspondent. Among the distinguished guests were:

#### AMBASCIATA

S. E. Henry Prather Fletcher, American Ambassador

Sig. Tittmann—1st Segretario

Sig. & Signora Thomas L. Daniels

Capitano di Vascello Todd

Comandante & Signora Wood

Maggiores E. Lovell & Shipp, Attaches of the American Embassy

#### CONSOLATO

Sig. & Signora Leon—Console reggente

Sig. Brennan Earl Walter—Vice Console

Sig. William Oscar Jones—Vice Console

Sig. George B. Seawright—Vice Console

GOVERNATORATO

S. E. il Governatore

Principessa Myriam Potenziani

Conte D'Ancora e Contessa—Vice Governatore

Gr. Uff. Dr. Domenico Delli Santi—Segretario  
Generale

Barone Comm. Dr. Francesco Mazzolani—Capo  
di Gabinetto

Comm. Edmondo Ricetti—Segretario partico-  
lare

Signora Ricetti

Comm. Dr. Mario Rizzo—Capo del Segretariato

Sig. & Signora Rizzo

Gr. Uff. Prof. Tomaso Bencivenga—Direttore

A. B. A.

Comm. Dr. Felice Andrea Oxilia

INVITI VARI

S. E. Tittoni

S. E. Belluzzo

S. E. Bolzon

Signora Bolzon

S. E. Generale Vaccari

Signora Vaccari

S. E. Ammiraglio Acton

Comm. Avv. Alessandro Melchiori

Signora Melchiori

On. Senatore Pietro Baccelli

Barone Arone di Valentino

Baronessa Arone di Valentino

Gr. Uff. Dr. Pasquale Sandicchi

Conte Giovanni Capasso Torre delle Pastane

Comm. Francesco Giorgio Mameli

Conte di Sant' Elia (Representing H. M.  
King)

Comm. Dr. Agostino Depretis

Comm. Umberto Guglielmotti

Miss Gibson, Secretary to Mussolini  
Marchese Giuseppe Talamo Atenolfi  
Marchese Benedetto Capomazza  
Comm. Luigi Mariani  
Gr. Uff. George Page  
Cav. Diego Manganella  
Cav. Alberto Mellini  
Sig. R. J. Hodel  
Gr. Uff. Avv. Giovanni Cappelletto  
Conte Ignazio Thaon di Revel  
Salvatore Cortesi  
William B. Shearer  
Mrs. William B. Shearer  
Miss Sonya Shearer.  
Gen. William Mitchell

Passing through the Villa, we came out into an old Roman garden so spacious that there was no telling its extent. But skirting a stately row of cypress trees, those trees that no matter what their youth, seem to be as ancient as the Ruins of the Forum, we came to an old, old bower of ilex trees, a bower at least forty feet wide, but overhead the branches had interlaced until they made a perfect roof of wonderful green.

Down the center of this natural grove, was set a table at least a hundred feet in length. Through the intertwined leaves overhead the sun shone through on gleaming napery and polished silver; on the brilliant uniforms of the military and diplomatic guests and the bright-hued costumes of the Roman ladies.

Twined about upon the linen were wreaths of fruit and flowers in della Robbia style. Four feet apart, upon the table, there stood six-foot crystal vases; bowls filled with rare exotic blooms; pendant from their brims there hung ripe purple

grapes, scarlet pomegranates, ripe figs and oranges.

Behind the chairs stood an army of silent servants clad in the gorgeous livery of the Prince of Rome and, all through the luncheon, the exquisite service moved automatically with scarce a spoken word.

Hidden behind the shrubbery, which closed in the arbor on every side; a band played, but softly so as to soothe the ear and at the same time not to interrupt conversation.

I wish I could reproduce a copy of the menu, but it was in Italian and it was quite enough to enjoy the good things without trying to translate them into English. But, there were six different kinds of wine served, and they were of honorable vintage.

And, not the least interesting thing about the "mise en scene" was that all adown the grove there stood amid the shrubbery ancient statues in marble and bronze, some mutilated marbles, still of great beauty; busts of ancient Romans, Senators, Generals, Caesars. Those marble eyes, had they been sentient, must have looked on many a revelry in this time-blessed garden. You could not see these ancient faces gazing toward the table without recalling the line:

"With silent eyes

Gods watched them at their board and bed"

Prince Potenziani was too consummate a host to have the guests bored with speeches. He, himself, made a very brief address of welcome in which he congratulated Jimmy Walker on being the Mayor of the largest and greatest city in the world.

But while this was going on Mayor Walker made not his first, but his only faux pas on the entire trip abroad. Behind the chair of the Prince of Rome, stood a red-leathered covered cabinet. Now, it chanced that the Mayor, sitting directly opposite to the Prince, could not fail to see this. He was seated next to Princess Myriam and conversation flagging for a moment, he said:

"Princess, pardon my curiosity, but can you tell me what that red-leather thing over there is?"

The Princess blushed a little and then laughed.

"I think, your Honor," she said, "it is a little present for yourself." For once in his life, Jimmy Walker was embarrassed.

But when the Prince concluded his speech of welcome, he made the presentation on behalf of himself and of the City of Rome, and the servants came forward and opened the case so that it was seen to contain a beautifully wrought bronze replica of the famous statue symbolical of Rome which had stood for centuries in front of the Roman capitol.

The luncheon over, the Prince "sped the parting guest" and accompanied our party from the Villa Celimontana to the great Victor Emanuel Monument, the largest in the world, situated in the Piazza Colonna. All arrangements had been made by direction of Prince Potenziani and when our machines drew up at the foot of that long and stately flight of marble steps, we were saluted by officers of the Roman guard of honor.

A huge laurel wreath had been provided in the name of the City of New York and this huge wreath, carried by the officers of the guard preceded us.

Thus, solemnly, we mounted the marble steps, between a line of soldiers who saluted us with

drawn swords as we passed up to the great gilded statue of Victor Emanuel, that leader of the House of Savoy who is responsible for United Italy. At the base of the statue we came at last to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Upon the sacred slab inscribed:

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”

the officers gently laid the wreath of loving memory while the Mayor of New York and all of us knelt in silent prayer.

\* \* \*

The rest of the afternoon Mayor Walker spent in sightseeing with Prince Potenziani as his guide, and when we got back to the hotel we found waiting for us another invitation from this Prince of hospitality. This was to be a reception at the Governor's Palace and it said:

Il Governatore di Roma si pregia invitare  
Mr. Hector Fuller

Al ricevimento che avra luogo nel Palazzo dei conservatori in campidoglio il giorno XI Settembre MCMXXVII anno V alle ore 16.30 in onore del Signor Comm. James J. Walker Sindaco di New York

Civili Redingote O Tight

Militari Grande Uniforme

Il Presente Biglietto e Rigorosamente  
Personale

This reception, on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, was another most striking evidence of the grand manner in which Romans do things. Once more, as we alighted at the entrance to the Palace, we were received with military honors and along the broad staircase leading to the upper rooms, we passed between armed guards. At the head of the stairway, stood the host to greet us. The Prince

led us through marvelous rooms and we came finally into the attached museum which now bears Mussolini's name. It is crowded with priceless works of art, tapestries of rare beauty; marbles and bronzes, some of them centuries old. In one room, for instance, stands the original bronze statue of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, the statue of which probably over a million copies have been made.

And our host took delight in pointing out to Mayor Walker, a beautiful marble bust of Columbus, on seeing which Jimmy Walker said:

"I take off my hat to him. If he hadn't discovered America I'd have no New York to be Mayor of."

There was no haste, no apparent desire to get us anywhere, at an appointed time, but some way we reached the garden, and what a garden! Surrounded by high and ancient walls flanked by cypress trees, we found ourselves in a square enclosure where quietly seated, as if in a theater, were at least one thousand people. At one end was a raised platform, surrounded by green shrubs and on this a symphony orchestra of over a hundred pieces.

By the side of the seated audience, the Prince led us to the front row, which differed only from the rest in that it was provided with comfortable arm chairs. Here were the distinguished guests with just enough seats reserved for Mayor and Mrs. Walker and their party. And everything had been so well stage-managed without our having any idea of it, that no sooner were we comfortably settled than the concert began. This was the program; all Italian composers; only Italian singers and musicians; and when No. 5 was played



IL GOVERNATORE DI ROMA SI PREGIA INVITARE:

Mr. Hector Fuller

AL RICEVIMENTO CHE AVRÀ LUOGO NEL PALAZZO  
DEI CONSERVATORI IN CAMPIDOGLIO IL GIORNO  
XI SETTEMBRE MCMXXVII ANNO V ALLE ORE 16,30 IN  
ONORE DEL SIGNOR COMM. JAMES I. WALKER SINDACO  
DI NEW YORK.

CIVILI: REDINGOTE O TIGHT  
MILITARI: GRANDE UNIFORME

IL PRESENTE BIGLIETTO È RIGOROSAMENTE PERSONALE

*From Prince Potenziani*



ROME

and Signor Ghirardini was applauded to the echo, the great composer Mascagni rose from a seat in the front row and shared in the ovation.

GOVERNATORATO DI ROMA

CAMPIDOGLIO

11 Settembre 1927—A. V.

CONCERTO

OTCHESTRALE E VOCALE

IN ONORE

Del. Sig. Comm. JAMES J. WALKER

Sindaco di New York

PROGRAMMA

1. Donizetti — Don Pasquale — Ouverture (Orchestra)
2. Rossini—II Barbiere di Siviglia (Cavatina) Signor Emilio Ghirardini
3. Verdi — Rigoletto — Signorina Maria Teresa Pediconi
4. Puccini — Manon Lescaut — Signor Angelo Minghetti
5. Mascagni—Serenata) Signor Emilio
6. Tosti—Malia ) Ghirardini
7. Boito—Mefistofele—Signor Angelo Minghetti
8. Tirindelli—Tre Petali—Signorina Maria Teresa Pediconi
9. Sibella — Girometta — Signorina Maria Teresa Pediconi
10. Verdi—Rigoletto—Quarteto Sigg. Pediconi, Minghetti, Ghirardini, Marina, Selivanova

L'orchestra sotto la Direzione del Maestro  
Cav. Gino Barabaschi

Al Pianoforte il Maestro Cav. Luigi Ricci

When the concert was over, we were taken up on the roof of the Palace, where countless tables were laid for tea, in the open air, with a larger table reserved for our host and the Mayor.

Seldom could one see so brilliant a sight. The Roman ladies were costumed and jeweled and coiffured in the most gorgeous fashion, and mingled with the ladies were many diplomats of various nations, in red and gold and silver uniforms; many with jeweled decorations on their breasts, and dress swords dangling by their sides.

But what made the scene unique, was that as the red sun descended over Rome we could look from this lofty roof to where, far away, the massive dome of St. Peter's caught the last ray of the descending sun. And if you turned to the other side, in shadow there stood the splendid ruins of the Colosseum. What a contrast! On the one hand the ancient cruelty; on the other, the new hope!

\* \* \*

On Sunday, Mayor Walker and his entire party went to Mass at the Church of Santa Maria in Via, the titular Church, in Rome, of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes of New York. This is one of the oldest and most beautiful churches in Rome. It is erected on the site of what was once the Sanctuary of Giuturna, the ancient Italian goddess who presided over the salutary waters coming from a well which, in the Thirteenth Century, was the scene of a miracle which is, even today, celebrated. The present church is credited to the artistry of James della Porta, Martin Lunghi and Charles Rainaldi and the time of the building of the facade is given as from 1592 to 1670.

The Church contains many beautiful chapels; the Chapel of the Sacred Well erected by Monsignor Canobi; next to it the Chapel of St. Philip Benizi, the propagator of the Order of the Servants of Mary, erected by Licinia della Porta. The Aldobrandini Chapel comes next, erected by the brother of Pope Clement VIII. Other Chapels are that of the Seven Holy Founders of the Servants of Mary; the Chapel to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Chapel of St. Pelegrino Laziosi.

It was the miracle of the Madonna which has made Santa Maria in Via. This is related by Charles Galassi Paluzzi, as follows:

“The importance of the Church would probably never have gone beyond a certain limit, if its neighborhood had not been the scene of a prodigy which increased the veneration for it. This prodigy is narrated in more recent documents, but, as we shall see, it cannot be doubted because historic personages figure in it; on the other hand the date of the miracle is not so remote as to be lost in the mists of the early Middle Ages. On the night between the 26th and the 27th September of 1256 Alexander IV (of the family Conti, 1254-1261) being Pontiff, the waters of a well, which was in the stables of Card. Peter Capocci, and which served to water the horses, suddenly overflowed so as to inundate the whole stable. The hostlers and footmen ran there to discover what was the cause of this curious phenomenon. To their great amazement they perceived that an image of the Madonna painted on a tile or on a flintstone, contrary to all laws of nature, was floating on the water. Perhaps that image had been listlessly dropped into the well by some ignorant person; perhaps it might even have been thrown there

through contempt. The fact is that, whatever attempts the servants might make to lay hold of the image, it always escaped from their hands. Then, they related the matter to the Cardinal, who at once went down into the stables, devoutly recited a prayer, and, in this way, he succeeded in seizing the miraculous icon, before which he spent the rest of the night in fervent prayers."

"The next morning, the cardinal made known to the Pontiff the prodigy which had occurred in his house and laid before him the project which he had formed during that wonderful night, which was to erect at his own cost a sacellum on the site where the miracle had occurred. Alexander IV ordered that an accurate verification of all particulars of the fact should first be made. Then, having recognized its truth, he exposed the image to the veneration of the faithful, transporting it in a solemn procession which he himself attended."

This sacred image of the "Holy Virgin of the Well", a beautiful, if somewhat faded, painting of the Virgin, is one of the treasures of the Church, and is exposed to the faithful from mid-Lent until Easter, during which time Gregory XIII, granted an indulgence.

This was the marvelous edifice in which Monsignor Breslin celebrated Mass at an Altar which is flanked on one side by a painting of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, and on the other by a painting of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes.

\* \* \*

What good fortune it was that our visit to Rome was timed right with the Lunar calendar. That Sunday night, the moon rose, majestic, over the Eternal City. By midnight, all the stately ruins were touched with silvery magic and with one

accord everyone agreed that here was a great opportunity to see the Colosseum at its best.

Several times we had driven by this monstrous circular amphitheater in the daytime, noting the gloomy bulk of it; its grim sides scarred with ugly holes, relics of the years when the vandals, age-long ago, had stripped away the outer covering of marble with which many mansions and palaces might be decorated.

For the Colosseum has been used as a marble quarry, for centuries, by builders too lazy to go for their material to the quarries of Carrara. That is one of the reasons why it is best to see the Colosseum by moonlight; then many of the bitter scars are hidden or softened by the kindly shadows; only the immensity remains; and the still beautiful forum open to the starlit sky, so that imagination and deep emotion may be allowed full sway.

Even at midnight we found a ready and garrulous guide, who, in a rapid mixture of Italian and English, took possession of Mayor Walker and poured out his oft-repeated tale. But I don't believe the Mayor listened very attentively, nor did the rest of us, for on this tragic ground, mere facts and figures seem so trivial. Here is one spot, standing on which it seems wiser to feel rather than to know.

Quite naturally, the refulgent moon carries your eyes heavenward and so your glance passes by, and takes in, those tiers upon tiers of seats, gallery after gallery that used, in the time of Nero, to be filled with 80,000 cruel and eager and lustful faces. You can climb up there now, if you wish, just as the poorer people did centuries ago, but moonlight is not the time for such a feat; the steps are broken and worn away, and even in broad day-

light the climb to the upper gallery is fraught with some peril.

But it is easy to go as we did up a broad, but ruined stairway to the box where the Emperors used to sit, and it is easy to reconstruct the scene when these now broken balconies were covered with priceless rugs and tapestries bright with many colors.

That afternoon, Mayor Walker had stood on the site of that bridge-head where Horatius had stood, and there he had recalled such snatches of Macauley's noble verse as he remembered from his school days down in Greenwich Village. And so here, gazing into the blackness of the "door of death"; touching the very iron bars of the prisons from which the Christian martyrs were hurled forth to death; looking with awe at the cavernous black tunnel through which the wild beasts came hungrily into the huge arena, here it was, again, that to the Mayor's mind came back, under such dread inspiration, memories of his student days; and the names of Pompey and Brutus, Marc Antony and Caesar; Caligula and Hadrian, rose to his lips:

And, standing there in this ancient amphitheater, the beams of the moonlight struck upon a stately marble cross which owes its presence there to the genius and reverential spirit of Benito Mussolini who had it erected there out of his private funds.

"The Ides of March remember!"

Save for the occasional murmur of our voluntary guide, the vast amphitheater was clothed with silence, and it was a bit startling to hear His Honor speak, in a deeper voice than usual:

"The cruelty and the pain of it is what overwhelms me," he said. "Surely this is a living monument of 'Man's inhumanity to man' . . .

There came the Christians," and he pointed to the dark archway, "and there the lions; and can you imagine how all this vast space was filled with bitter cries and pleadings of agony and pain and the blood of innocents and cruelty. If these stones, blackened by the wear of centuries, had tongues, what horrors they could tell! And yet, there shines the moon, placid as ever; and here we come, busy about our little affairs, and they say that this is a favorite resort of happy lovers who, in their present happiness, have no heed of the terrible hatreds passed away so long ago, thank God!"

\* \* \*

Our last night in Rome was made memorable by a charming dinner given to our party by Count Revel at the Hotel Ambassadeur. A very pleasant feature of this dinner was the entertainment provided by the "movie men" who, all through our visit to Rome, had eagerly been of service to the Mayor. There were L. Romagnoli, G. M. Albertelli, Umberto Romagnoli and others, and they staged a "movie" show displaying all the pictures they had taken of the Mayor and his party; at the Vatican; before St. Peters; at Mussolini's Palace, and so on. They announced that the show was given under the auspices of the Hearst Organization in Rome and among the spectators were H. J. T. Horan, correspondent of the International News Service in Rome and Baron Wrangel, his assistant.

This was a farewell dinner, indeed, made all the more regretful because it was here, on the upper floor, that a suite had been reserved for the ill-fated fliers of "Old Glory". On the bed upstairs, waiting for the men who are gone forever now, were laid out the fresh clothes for them, ready to

don if they had arrived in triumph. This recalled sad memories to Mayor Walker; for Phil. Payne had been his friend.

\* \* \*

So, the closing notes of our last hours in Rome were not all pleasant ones. We felt, as all must feel in the presence of "The Grandeur that was Rome" that all the sacrifices which had been made for this "Eternal City", had not been made in vain. She is grim and austere and ruined; on the hem of her garments are bloodstains; but she is beautiful, too, and out of the storms she has so bravely withstood, has come peace; she seems to have done with hatreds; and so is able to win your admiration and your love.

\* \* \*

There were many friends who came to bid Mayor Walker farewell at the station next morning, but the hand-clasps were lingering, as if we wanted to be held. And with the farewells were mingled many assurances from friendly voices:

"Ah, you'll come back to Rome again!"

\* \* \*

## CHAPTER IX

### PARIS

Reception at Gare de Lyon—General Gouraud—The Tomb of  
the Unknown Soldier—American Press Luncheon—Luke-  
warm Americans—Touching Interview with Mme.  
Nungesser—War Veterans at Hotel des Invalides  
—The Legion Parade—A Call on the  
President of France.





## CHAPTER IX

### PARIS

It was on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 13, we came to Paris.

The train was twenty-five minutes late. But it was not the Mayor's fault. "Late as usual" were the first words of the Mayor of New York as he reached the platform.

Thousands of curious Parisians were gathered at the Gare de Lyon to greet the Mayor, and it was their opinion, as expressed in the Parisian Press, that the Rome Express came into the station with an iridescent burst of color. Of course, everywhere the Mayor's party went throughout Europe, comment was made upon the clothes he wore, but naturally, Paris, the very center of fashion, paid particular heed to his garb. On the front page of most of the Parisian papers, next morning, we learned that: "The Mayor wore a green tie, shot through with dots of black and gold. His blue shirt might have inspired a poet to an ode; the suit of darker blue offered the desired contrast; and his face, tanned by the summer sun of Italy, added its own note to the color scheme." The Mayor is, of course, diminutive in size and therefore easy to select from a crowd; but it is most certainly his outstanding personality that enabled M. Victoire Bucaille, "Syndic" of Paris, and Capt. Rene l'Hopital, official welcomers, to pick him out at once. Also, he was greeted by M. Marcel Knecht, of *Le Matin*, Paris, and by Mr. Sydney Clarke, of the International Service; Dr. H. A. Gibson, Paris representative of John Wanamaker, and dozens of others, including Maj. Wm.

F. Deegan, of the Bronx, who had come from New York to make proper arrangements for the reception of the New York Delegation of the American Legion, and who, during the Mayor's stay in Paris, acted as liason officer between the Mayor and the American Legion heads.

The Mayor looked at the welcoming crowd and, seeing so many faces that were familiar to him, he remarked:

"This doesn't look like Paris; it seems like a section of New York to me."

"You look tired, Mr. Mayor," said Marcel Knecht.

"Well, it's not the fault of the train," said the Mayor.

"For real sleeping accommodation I think the European trains are equal to ours; you can really sleep in them."

"Did you enjoy crossing the Alps, Mr. Mayor?" asked Dr. Knecht.

"To tell the truth, I never even noticed them," said Jimmy.

By this time, we were in front of the station.

"On behalf of the City of Paris and the Nation of France, I bid you welcome, Mayor James J. Walker," declared M. Bucaille.

The Mayor bowed, and the brief speech he made in return was interpreted to the Syndic of Paris by Dr. Gibbons.

Then, he was hemmed in by hundreds of cameras both still and motion picture, whose "shots" came from every angle. To the cameraman he said:

"I will have to get back to work soon so as to get some rest."

Started toward the waiting automobiles, he was addressed by Capt. L'Hopital, Chief Aide to



*The Mayor of New York Doing Homage at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier  
in Front of the Arc de Triomphe, Paris, France*



Marshal Foch, who said: "Our people are delighted and honored that the Chief of America's Metropolis is in our midst, and we are going to do everything possible to make your week's stay a happy one." The Mayor was then presented to Capt. A. L. Helwig, who was assigned to Paris Post No. 1 of the American Legion to assist Major Deegan in the comforts of the Mayor and his party; then to the Prefect of the Seine, M. Bouju, and to M. Marcel Knecht.

He and his party were then driven rapidly to the Hotel Crillon where there had been reserved for the Mayor and his party the same suite used by President Wilson during the Peace Conference in 1919. Here, again, was an army of newspaper men awaiting the Mayor; not only the representatives of the Paris papers, but special correspondents from London and all the correspondents of the New York newspapers. Gathering them in a group, in the parlor of the suite, the Mayor said with a good-humored smile:

"Boys, I've got mighty little to say, and my plans so far are very indefinite, and they're going to stay that way so far as I'm concerned. I guess you chaps have heard that I came to Europe for a vacation, but, as a matter of fact, I have never worked so hard in my life. And, believe me, I'll be the happiest man in the world when I get back to the City Hall with my feet tucked under the desk. I am going to give New Yorkers a service they never saw before."

A representative of the Anglo-American Press Association came forward to urge the Mayor to attend a luncheon in his honor at Drouant Restaurant, 18 Rue Gaillon. Said the Mayor in reply:

"I say so many 'yes-es' in a month when invited to go places that it keeps me busy the other eleven months in the year, apologizing for not being able to keep the engagements. But I guess I'll attend the luncheon."

Afterwards, in an aside, he said:

"I've got to cut out a lot of these meals; you know I don't eat, at home, nearly as much as I am devouring abroad. I'll have to be careful about my diet, you know, or when I get back I'll be better fitted for an Aldermanic job than I will be for the Mayor's chair."

David R. Chapman, a Legionnaire from Hollywood, California, said that he was a movie man and would direct the pictures of the Mayor. Whereupon, the Mayor stepped out upon the balcony overlooking the Place de la Concorde, and Capt. l'Hopital pointed out the Invalides, beneath whose dome lies the Great Napoleon; and other sights of Paris from this, one of the most famous points of the ancient city. Then, Major Wm. F. Deegan, of the Bronx, laid before the Mayor the program that had been arranged for the Legionnaires' Convention. Meanwhile, Mrs. Walker had had her session with the newspaper men. To them she said:

"I am so glad to be back in Paris which I remember so pleasantly from last year. My plans are indefinite as yet for my visit here, and they must depend largely on the arrangements that have been made for us, but I do intend to find time to see some of the delightful things with the Mayor which I missed before."

Mrs. Walker did admit that this trip, with its many receptions had been a bit too much for her. And she said:

"The nicest part of going away is getting back again. I am always glad to get home, no matter where I've been nor how good a time I've been having."

After the interview, we were all allowed to settle into our respective rooms and, as usual, hardly had we got our bags unpacked when the Mayor, having been shaved in the meantime, took occasion to visit the room of each member of his party. He always did this in any hotel to which we went, being careful to see that each one of his party was comfortable. For instance, with a rap on my door and in response to my "Entre", the door opened and in he came.

"Hello 'Gorgeous', how are you getting along? Everything capital? Well, you've got a pretty good room here. How's the bathroom? Think it's going to be all right? As soon as you get dressed, come on down and we'll all have dinner in my suite."

That was his usual and invariable custom. It was one of those traits of a finely hospitable spirit that so endears Jimmy Walker to all who know him.

The Paris Edition of the New York *Herald* made a pretty good summing up of the first impression the Mayor made in Paris. It wrote:

"Mayor Walker's popularity in Paris is assured. His arrival yesterday was hailed with a shower of eulogies in the Press, but his political activities and administrative abilities, received second place in the description of his personality. The qualities emphasized are 'young', 'sporting', 'gay' and these are such as to win the hearts of Parisians.

"All the newspapers discovered that he had written and composed a song whose refrain

every Frenchman now knows as:

‘Voulez-vous m’aimer en Decembre  
Comme vous m’aimeiz en Mai?’

“The Mayor is compared to Lindbergh, but, in the opinion of some of the French writers, he goes one better than the young hero of the Atlantic, for he loves a good glass of wine and would, if he could, shake off the rigors of Prohibition. At least, so say the Paris newspapers.”

\* \* \*

We dined together at the Restaurant Volney and, after dinner, the Mayor was interviewed by the correspondents of the French papers to whom he gave an account of a delicate diplomatic situation which had arisen between New York City and the French Government. During the war, it appears, the French acquired a pier property in Brooklyn and the United States became the owner of similar property in Bordeaux. France has exempted the United States from taxes, while the French property in Brooklyn has been steadily assessed by the City tax collectors to a point where the sums due almost exceed the value of the property. The question has been a source of some little irritation, to add to that of other misunderstandings in international relations and, before leaving for Europe, Mayor Walker took the matter in hand with the aim of cancelling or adjusting the lien.

Although this may seem to have been a comparatively small matter, yet the Mayor's interest in it created a most favorable impression and all of the newspapers carried the story on the front page.

“There are many reasons why the poetic and sporting Mayor Walker should be loved by all



*The Mayor of New York Signing the Golden Book of Paris  
at the Hotel de Ville*



*Mayor Walker Looks Over Paris from the Balcony of His Suite  
at the Hotel Crillon— Officer in the Foreground Capt. René  
l'Opital, Aide to Marshal Foch.*



Parisians," commented *le Petit Cri*: "and one of the important reasons for liking him is that he is a sworn foe of the dry regime. Could such a lovable man refuse the cheer of good wine?"

After dinner we were called on by Mr. Sparrow Robinson, the well known sporting editor of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, who had reserved seats for us at the Salle Wagram so that we might see a corking series of fights. The main bout was the fight between Pladner, the French fly-weight, and the well known little English lad, Frankie Ash. It was a fight well worth seeing. It seemed that all through the bout, Frankie Ash's aggressiveness and willingness to fight would entitle him to a decision. Mayor Walker and his party thought the result was undoubtedly a draw, and when the referee gave the fight to "Spider" Pladner, there was as much boo-ing as there would have been over a bad decision at an American bout. The Salle Wagram was crowded that night, and looking over the audience, made up of many women in gorgeous evening toilette, and most of the men in evening dress, one could see such well known people as Alexander Moore, former Ambassador to Spain, Claire (Ain't-it-a-Grand-and-Glorious-Feeling) Briggs, Rube Goldberg, another famous cartoonist; Steve Comisky, who some few years ago was one of the best sporting writers in America, and many other notables. It was a great night and as the fights were not over until after eleven o'clock, everybody ambled home well content to rest.

If there has been the slightest doubt as to the wonderful popularity won by Mayor James J. Walker in Paris, it must have been dissipated the next day, when, starting out at noon accompanied

by all the members of his party, he drove to the Arc de Triomphe, where had gathered a great concourse of people in a semi-circle around the Unknown Soldier's Tomb. As the Mayor descended from his automobile, there stepped out from a group of French poilus, General Gouraud, with his military staff, M. Bouju, Prefect of the Seine, M. Albert Sarraut, Minister of the Interior, M. Bucaille, and a crowd of French enthusiasts who marched with him to the edge of the marble slab beneath which the Unknown Soldier lies. Acting as guard of honor, three companies of French infantry—all veterans of the war—were drawn up, in full uniform and with bayonets fixed.

Ornate bronze wreaths had been brought to the place and these being handed, one to Mayor Walker, one to Senator Bernard Downing, were laid reverently on the soldier's tomb, one on behalf of the people of New York, the other in the name of New York State. When the wreaths were laid, and Mayor Walker arose from his knees, there were cries of "Vive Jimmy" and "Vive le New York," from the assembled throng, as the soldiers saluted and presented arms.

And the notes of enthusiasm were echoed and re-echoed from the vaulted arch which has witnessed so many inspiring spectacles.

Following this touching ceremony, the Mayor drove along the Champs Elysees and, although reminded that it was nearly time for him to attend the luncheon given in his honor by the Anglo-American Press Club, he insisted on being driven to the quarters set aside for the American Legionnaires. Here, alighting from the automobile, he walked through the rooms, greeting the soldiers right and left, inquiring whether they had suffi-

cient cigarettes, writing materials, and other comforts. A Salvation Army lassie offered the Mayor a doughnut, but he declined smilingly, saying:

"Thanks, but not now. I will come back later after I get this make-up off." His "make-up" consisted of his high silk hat, cutaway coat and striped trousers.

He shook hands with the few New Yorkers present and with the Legionnaires, the majority of whom were from the States of Illinois, California and Iowa. Only after he had fulfilled this duty, did he drive out to the Restaurant Langer, Avenue des Champs-Elysees, where a company of the correspondents of American and British newspapers had assembled together with other Americans living in Paris. Among those the Mayor greeted, as he entered, were Berry Wall, erstwhile leader of fashion of New York; Harry Lawrenson, European Editor of *Fox News*; Joseph J. Larkin, Vice President of the Equitable Trust Company of New York; Lincoln Eyre, who had come on from Berlin, and many others. The luncheon had reached the fish stage by the time Mayor Walker arrived. However, he explained that he had not come to eat; that he had just had a meal which combined both breakfast and luncheon. He asked, however, for a bite of cheese, and this, with a bottle of his favorite Stout, made his meal. One of the newspaper men, as he sat down, asked him if Paris looked familiar.

"Sure it looks familiar", the Mayor replied, "but a New Yorker coming to Paris has to look twice to see anything. The first time, all he sees is the New York Bar and the Ritz." He turned to see a famous cartoonist making a sketch of him

and, turning aside to us, he remarked: "Don't forget the other piece of cheese is on the plate."

The luncheon was presided over by Mr. Lawrence Hills, who acted as chairman and who introduced Mayor Walker as "Mayor of the so-called largest city in the world; adding that both he and the city were largely made by and inhabited by newspaper men.

It chances that Mr. Lawrence Hills, a comparatively young man, is endowed with one of those large and luscious red beards that would have done credit to Du Maurier's "Laird" in "Trilby." Mayor Walker, beginning his speech, made a great hit with the crowd when he said:

"I don't know your distinguished chairman very well, not as well as I'd like to, but I would like to tell him this: that someone at some time has said: 'There is no fault committed by human nature that may not be condoned, but if a man *will* raise a beard, he can't blame anybody but himself.' "

Referring to what Mr. Hills had said about having once attended an impressive luncheon to the Lord Mayor in London, where Mr. Hills emphasized the fact that at that luncheon the Lord Mayor was on time, Jimmy Walker said:

"Anybody who has nothing to do can always be on time. It is only the busy man who is sometimes a trifle late."

Referring to the fact that he was a guest of newspaper men he said:

"You know it's great to have newspaper men pay for your lunch—but I knew it could never be done until there were at least a hundred or two of them to do it."

After this pleasantry, the Mayor said:

"Distinguished visitors and fellow refugees from the Eighteenth Amendment." Wild applause broke loose at this remark, for the wines of France were generously distributed about the tables. "I did not come to Europe for a vacation, I came to give the taxpayers a vacation," continued the Mayor.

"As I have traveled from one place to another and looked at the industry of the Old World, seeing things that have been recounted in song and history, my love for New York has increased: and I shall return with a greater devotion than ever before.

"As I told Signor Mussolini, when I was recently in Italy, New York, after all, is the greatest city in the world. It has more Irish than Dublin, more Germans than any German city but Berlin, and more Jews than Palestine.

"I have no message for you. I know nothing about international law or international complications. That is why I am still able to smile.

"But there is one thing I would like to say to the American Club. I know of no greater distinction in the world than to be able to call one's self an American citizen. There is a type of man, however, I do not like and that is the red-hot American at home who becomes a lukewarm American abroad.

"In forty-eight hours you will have 30,000 guests—in addition to those American boys who, having made the supreme sacrifice are the eternal guests of France. What I have said to you was not premeditated. I have learned it on my visit abroad, and I have been ashamed of that type of American who is not willing to be as good an American as the boys who lie in those fields of France.

"Another thing about it that hurts is that intelligent foreigners have nothing but disgust for a man who is unwilling to face the fact that he is an American. That type of man, in my opinion, will not dare go into the streets of Paris and look into the faces of those boys who have returned to establish another union on this foreign soil. I say this because my country wants nothing but to be of service.

"The American who thinks of conquest is no American. I hope that the 30,000 American boys who are making a pilgrimage to France will instil a new pride of country in the hearts of these lukewarm Americans.

"Now, this isn't like Jimmy Walker; I don't do this often. Every time I get serious, I try to forget it as soon as possible. There are so many serious things which call for apologies the next day. Too many luncheons and dinners have been spoiled by men who thought they were thinking.

"But as Chief Magistrate of the City of New York, I feel I owe it to the merchants, business men and financiers to denounce the fellow who makes it difficult for them to do business in foreign countries.

"We want no apologies, my distinguished friends, for our country. New York will not tolerate it. For ours is a city that loves the entire world, which has been the gateway of America since our country was a country; has invited the peoples of the world, and given every one opportunity, asking in return only character, integrity, industry, willingness to work and become an American citizen.

"That is all we ask, but we also demand the same kind of character, the same integrity and the same

honesty when our fellow citizens are traveling abroad."

The Mayor then made a reference which many interpreted as relating to the present Franco-American tariff controversy.

"I say to you that all America wants is an open chance in fair business competition," he declared.

The Mayor reminded his hearers that Americans should love the country and their Constitution, but a few minutes later added:

"However, we've got to take that Eighteenth Amendment out of the Constitution and get back to normal. If the matter could be presented at court, I would offer the collective countenances of the American Club as the plaintiff's 'Exhibit A.' In spite of the liquid cheer in front of you, you all look happy; and I can't see a grouch in the room."

At the conclusion of the Mayor's speech, a quartette of newspaper men attempted to sing the Mayor's song, "Will you love me in December as you do in May," but they sang it so badly that the Mayor left his seat at the Speakers' Table and declared the meeting informal. He sat down at the piano in a corner of the room and played it himself, showing how it should be done. He switched from that to other New York songs: "East Side, West Side, All About the Town", "Sweet Adeline," and a number of the other favorites in which the entire company joined. This, surely, was an occasion on which the old bromide held true: "And a good time was had by all."

Dismissing his automobile, and saying he wanted to see a bit of Paris, Jimmy Walker strode away from the restaurant, down the Avenue des Champs Elysees and, crossing the street, was nearly hit

by a passing automobile. The taxis are no respecters of persons in Paris, and Jimmy stepped briskly out of the way with a laugh and said:

"It's every one for himself, today, boys. This must be the traffic officer's day off."

Passing a popular tobacconist shop in the Rue de la Paix, His Honor remembered that he had forgotten to buy a pipe for his faithful barber in New York, but even in this place the crowd recognized him and gathered around him saying: "Le Maire de New York" in delighted tones.

Returning from his walk and, after shopping on the Rue de la Paix, where he was much struck by the display of jewels and fine raiment in the windows, he said: "To me, it is remarkable to see how little paper and dirt there is in the streets here; I don't see any cigarette butts or cigar ends, either. It is a remarkable condition when you consider New York." He evidently had not been informed that the picking up of cigar and cigarette butts is a profession in Paris and that these "disjecta membra" picked up by itinerant sidewalk gamin go to tobacco shops and are made over into new cigarettes. He went on:

"I don't understand either why these Parisian houses have great doorways which adorn the shops and all the establishments; just think of the valuable space which goes to waste in these entrances. Why in New York we'd have a paying store where one of these great apertures appears."

New Yorkers, and perhaps many outside of New York, will remember the stirring speech that Mayor Walker made when, on his return to New York, a luncheon was tendered at the Astor Hotel, by the New York Advertising Club. In that speech, he somewhat startled his hearers by his seriousness

and by his denunciation of those "red-hot Americans at home and luke-warm Americans abroad." This was but an echo of the note of indignation that he sounded in his Paris speech. Already, he had begun to sicken at the not inconsiderable number of Americans living abroad, who are constantly saying: "Oh yes, I'm an American, but I'm not one of the common sort." It was the thought of an American being ashamed of the country which had made him that stirred the patriotism of Jimmy Walker to heights of indignant eloquence he had never reached before. It was, I believe, the only time, on the entire trip of six weeks, that I saw Jimmy Walker in anything but the very best of humor. But it was good to hear him a bit indignant, for it very clearly demonstrated to all his hearers that here was a man who, when he had a righteous cause to fight for, knew how to hit straight from the shoulder. Needless to say, he was cheered to the echo for his speech.

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There was to be a reception at the Hotel de Ville to Mayor Walker and his party, on behalf of the City of Paris. And so the Mayor and his party donned their formal clothes ready for the affair. Before going to the reception, however, there was a solemn duty to be performed, and the luxurious automobiles escorted by gendarmes on motorcycles made their way far from the fashionable streets of Paris down through the poorer quarter, to 33 Boulevard du Temple, where resides Madame Nungesser, mother of that hero of the air, Charles Nungesser, who, together with his comrade Coli, was lost in an attempt to fly across the Atlantic.

In front of the courtyard of the house a large crowd had gathered, and as the Mayor and his party descended from their automobiles in a drizzling rain, it was perhaps the first occasion during our stay in Paris that there were no cheers. The crowd was composed of artisans, small shop keepers, many women and children, and they all seemed to feel something of the serious import of the moment. They raised their hats reverently, as the Mayor passed through the streets and entered the somewhat dark courtyard. Accompanied by his party and led by President Delsol of the Municipal Council he mounted three flights of dark and somewhat dingy stairs. He came at last to a bed - sitting - room where Madame Nungesser waited, standing in front of an enlarged portrait of her son Charles. It was the pleasant duty of the Mayor to present to Madame Nungesser a check for \$900 which represented the balance of a fund, amounting in all to \$3,900, which had been obtained by popular subscription in New York City. In a brief, but very touching speech, Mayor Walker presented the check to the bereaved mother; told her how America regarded her son's heroism, and dwelt on the high honor in which her son's name is held there. The widow was evidently deeply touched, and while the Mayor talked she fixed her eyes, in which there were no trace of tears, firmly upon the picture of her son.

"There is not a living American," said Jimmy Walker concluding his speech, "who would not risk his life to find your son alive. With all my heart I condole with you on your great loss."

In a voice tremulous with emotion, yet clear and high, Madame Nungesser said:



*The Pathetic Handclasp of His Honor the Mayor with Gen. Gouraud, in Paris*



*"Vous Americains, etes si bons! Mais c'est mon fils que je voudrais revoir. J'ai toujours l'espoir qu'il me reviendra."*

The faith in this poor woman's heart that her son would indeed come back to her was so evident, her voice was so poignant, her earnestness so marked, that the tears came into Mayor Walker's eyes and there was not a member of his staff with dry eyes. Again, she said:

*"Merci de tout coeur. J'apprecie profondement l'expression de votre sympathie, mais je refuse d'accepter vos condoleances. Mon cher fils n'est pas perdu. Je sais que le bon Dieu me le rendra. Il viendra: je le sais; je le sais."*

As she concluded with a poignant gesture, as if she were raising her hands to God, the Mayor of New York almost involuntarily leaned forward. He took her in his arms and kissed her on both cheeks.

And with that embrace and with the mother's blessing on his head, the Mayor turned and left the little room.

It was still raining as we left the home of Madame Nungesser and took our way along the banks of the Seine, past many historic buildings to the Hotel de Ville. At the entrance, the party was received by the Municipal State Authorities; Prefect Bouju of the Seine was there with Madame Bouju; President Delsol, Albert Sarrant, Minister of the Interior; General Gouraud and Monsignor Chaptal, Auxiliary Bishop of Paris, clad in his red robes of state.

The historic halls of the Hotel de Ville were lined with armed guards who saluted, as the party passed and proceeded to the private office of the Prefect of the Seine, where each member of the party was asked to sign the Golden Book for

Visitors. Names of such notable Americans as Lindbergh, Commander Byrd, and Chamberlin preceded those of the Mayor and his party.

After this ceremony, the party was conducted to the Grand Salon, where there were gathered about two hundred guests. On a platform there was a large orchestra which rendered a program of music and song featuring the leading French composers. The program is reproduced below:

HOTEL DE VILLE DE PARIS

Jeudi 15 Septembre 1927

RECEPTION

En L'Honneur De

L'Hon. JAMES J. WALKER

Maire de New York

CONCERT

1. Ouverture des Noces de Figuro.....Mozart  
Orchestra
2. a. L'Ane Blanc.....G. Hue  
b. Air de Lakme.....L. Delibes  
M. Marcelin, de l'Opera Comique
3. Les Concerts de Rameau  
Danses par Mlles Rozes et Mitchell
4. a. La Fee aux Chansons.....G. Faure  
b. Air de Rosine (Le Barbier de Seville)  
Rossini  
Mlle Gauley, de l'Opera Comique
5. Petite Suite.....Debussy  
a. En Bateau  
b. Menuet
6. Luo de Mireille.....Ch. Gounod  
Mireille—Mlle Gauley  
Vincent—M. Marcellin
7. Valses et Rondeaux.....Schubert  
Mlles. Rozes, Capalti et Mitchell

Orchestra sous la direction de M. C. Bourgeois  
Ancien S.—Chef de la Musique de la Garde  
Republicaine

Danses reglees par Mme. Chasles, de l'Opera,  
Professeur du Conservatoire  
Piano de la Maison Erard

The Grand Salon was a marvel of beauty, with its walls and ceilings decorated by some of the greatest artists in France.

After the concert, the Prefect of the Seine made an eloquent speech of welcome and presented Mayor Walker with a beautiful bronze statue of that Etienne Marcel who, as leader of the Paris merchants, became the first Mayor of Paris in 1355. This statue was presented, through Mayor Walker, to the City of New York by the City of Paris. At the same time the Mayor was personally presented with a book entitled "The Croix du Guerre de Paris" by Sheldon Whitehouse, the American Charge d'Affaires. Then, with a fine gesture, gold medals inscribed with the name of the Hotel de Ville de Paris were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Walker; and bronze medals of similar design were presented to Senator Bernard Downing, Commissioner of Parks Walter Herrick, Commissioner Wm. McCormack, and to myself.

How crowded were the hours in Paris may best be judged by the fact that, on the sixteenth of September, the Mayor of New York discovered that he had accepted two luncheon invitations for the same hour.

"I'd give a thousand dollars to get out of one of them," said Jimmy; but there were no takers. He solved the problem by attending both luncheons.

The first luncheon was given at the Inter-Allied Club, formerly the home of Baron Rothschild, in

the Champs Elysees, by Sheldon Whitehouse, Charge d'Affairs of the United States Embassy. But, when we arrived at the Inter-Allied Club, punctual for once at least, there was no one to meet the Mayor, and diligent inquiry from the servants failed to elicit any information about a luncheon, until it was finally discovered that Mr. Whitehouse was waiting on the third floor.

The other guests included French and Italian diplomats, and also James R. Sheffield, former United States Ambassador to Mexico. Being formally introduced to that gentleman, the Mayor said:

"I don't want to call you Mister Ambassador; I'd like to call you Jimmy."

This suited the Ambassador and thereafter the "Jimmies" sitting next to one another at luncheon got along famously.

Hurrying from the Sheldon Whitehouse diplomatic luncheon, the Mayor got back to the Hotel Crillon in time to be guest of honor at the luncheon given by Charles G. Kurzsmann of New York, an old friend of the Mayor's. The occasion was the presentation to Mr. Kurzsmann of the Cross of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; and Jimmy was first to congratulate him.

From this time on, the Mayor's main interests were centered about the American Legion. Each train coming into Paris brought hundreds of the Legionnaires from all parts of the United States. Many of them were in uniform; others were identified by brassards on their arms or the familiar blue military cap of war-time, and most of them carried a special white walking-stick which was the American Legion Convention souvenir.

Members of the New York delegation of the Legion soon found the Mayor's headquarters at the

Hotel Crillon and no matter in how great numbers they came, nor how long they stayed, they never wore out their welcome. And, in entertaining these soldierly guests, whom Mayor Walker delighted to honor, Mrs. Walker and Miss Evelyn Wagner and Major Deegan, proved invaluable assistants, and indeed every member of the Mayor's party served as a cheerful volunteer to make the Legionnaires feel thoroughly at home. The hungry were fed and the thirsty were not allowed to famish.

A great number of French war veterans were quartered at the Hotel des Invalides on the south bank of the Seine. This wonderful institution, covering 31 acres, was founded in 1671 by Louis the Sixteenth, as a home for aged and disabled soldiers, and restored and modernized by Napoleon.

Once the Legion had arrived in great numbers in Paris, nothing would do but the Mayor, having first seen how the New York delegation was settled, must visit the Invalides, accompanied by Mayor Deegan and his entire party, including the ladies. They were met at the entrance to the Hotel by General Gouraud, by Marshal Foch and the Prefect of the Seine.

The Mayor was asked to say a few words to the veterans who had been wounded, with many of whom he had shaken hands, and the shattered limbs of many of whom had brought tears to his eyes. He said:

"Dear lads! As I stand here in your presence and see your patience and your superb bravery, I am more convinced than ever that there is a God. And I know you men must be more thankful than even we are that there is a Saviour in Heaven."

And to Marshal Foch, a little later he said, with a burst of righteous indignation:

"Marshal, fight like hell for universal peace!"

A great crowd of *poilus* was assembled in the Court of Honor, where many war relics are gathered. The Mayor visited the Tomb of Napoleon in the Chapel, at the end of the right aisle of the Court, and looked with marked interest at the Napoleonic relics brought back from the Island of St. Helena.

One of the many reporters present pointed out the famous three-cornered cocked hat, familiar in all the pictures of Napoleon at St. Helena, and remarked about its size.

"Never mind the size of the hat," said Mayor Walker. "Think of the stupendous brain it covered!"

Greeted with enthusiastic cheers by the French war veterans, Mayor Walker paused to make a brief speech to them, congratulating them on their valor, and thanking them for the warmth of their welcome to him. And he added that he knew how glad they were to welcome back their comrades of the American Legion, who had fought side by side with them. The Mayor's speech was interpreted by the Prefect of the Seine, and was received with such hearty "Vivas" and applause as only the emotional French *poilu* can give.

From the Invalides, the Mayor passed through the Church of St. Louis, which was decorated with flags and ensigns captured in battle. General Gouraud pointed out that there would have been many more of these trophies had not nearly 2,000 of them been burned to prevent their possible capture after the overthrow of Napoleon.

Then, the Mayor walked down the esplanade, from the Place Vauban to the gilded dome which covers the tomb of Napoleon and reaches 351 feet into the sky. Over the pit in the center, the Mayor gazed down at the sarcophagus of antique red

granite, which houses the dust of the conqueror, of whom it was said:

*"He fought a thousand glorious wars  
And more than half the world was his  
And somewhere now in yonder stars  
He can tell, mayhap, what greatness is."*

Late in the afternoon, the Mayor paid a visit to the barracks of the American Legionnaires, where it seemed as if every veteran, whether from New York or from California, greeted him as a personal friend. Jimmy emptied his cigarette case first, then he called on his party for all the cigarettes they had and finally, coming to a stand presided over by some pretty girls, ex-war workers, he bought the whole thing out and had his whole army of new-found friends smoking their heads off.

Although next day was Sunday, the Mayor had an appointment to call at the Palais de l'Elysee, formerly the residence of Madame Pompadour, but now the home of President Doumergue of France. President Doumergue had been in the country, but returning late Saturday night, had expressed a wish that the Mayor of New York would call upon him in the morning. He had informed Mr. H. A. Gibbons, that the entire day, Sunday, had been apportioned into ten-minute interviews and that the hour of 10:10 had been set aside for the Mayor.

Mr. Gibbons and Charge d'Affairs Sheldon Whitehouse accompanied Mayor Walker as interpreter and the interview was confined to the usual official compliments and a most cordial expression of welcome to France on the part of President Doumergue.

From the Palais de l'Elysee, the Mayor drove to Notre Dame Cathedral, one of the most distin-

guished examples of Gothic architecture in the world, and one of the oldest and most historic buildings in Paris.

The Place de la Cite was jammed with thousands of people and the dim aisles and ancient cloisters were crowded with thousands of Legionnaires, who were welcomed by H. E. Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, who celebrated a special Mass. Right into the center of the cathedral, the Stars and Stripes and the Standard of the Legion were carried, while Cardinal Dubois, in his scarlet robes of office, stood up before the high altar, brilliant with hundreds of candles, as the flags passed by.

It was a brilliant assemblage, with its living background of American and French veterans of the war, reunited thus within the temple of peace. When Mayor Walker entered it was to confront an assembly of notables containing such men as National Commander Howard P. Savage of the Legion; Marshal Ferdinand Foch, leader of the Allied armies during the war; General John J. Pershing, Commander of the A.E.F.; National Adjutant James Barton of the Legion; Mr. Sheldon Whitehouse, Charge d'Affaires at the American Embassy, representing Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, who was ill at his home in America; General William Harts, Military Attache at the Embassy; Major Barton K. Yount, Air Attache; Congressman A. Platt Andrews, of Massachusetts; Captain Geo. White, Naval Attache to Ambassador Herrick, and many others.

As the music from the great organ pealed beneath the vaulted ceiling, Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Gracey of Wellsville, Ohio, national chaplain of the Forty and Eight. The Rev. Fr. James Duffy, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., acted as dea-



*Mme. Nungesser Receiving a Check from the Mayor of New York for Money Donated by American Citizens—Mme. Nungesser, Mon. Delsol, President of the Municipal Council of Paris, Sheldon Whitehouse, Chargé d'Affaires, and Mayor James J. Walker.*



con, and the Rev. Fr. John Meyer of Wichita, Kans., was sub-deacon.

Father Joseph L. N. Wolfe, National Chaplain of the Legion, and pastor of Sainte Barbara's, Philadelphia, delivered the sermon.

Cardinal Dubois then spoke a few words in French, afterwards translated into English, welcoming the Legionnaires back to the land they learned to love through the hardships of the war.

Mass was followed by the singing of the Te Deum, and the services were ended with the strains of the American National Anthem and the Marseillaise played by the special orchestra to the accompaniment of the organ.

Sunday afternoon the Mayor paid another visit to the American Legion Headquarters, where he greeted the heads of the Legion and paid especial attention to the representatives of the Knights of Columbus and the Salvation Army, who were working their heads off for the comfort of the American boys. How the "doughboys" crowded around him and cheered him! I don't think that all that afternoon there was a single man or woman who called him "Your Honor" or "Mr. Mayor"—he was "Jimmy" to all of them and the friendly familiarity, all respectful and all admiring, brought a flush of pleasure to his face, which was wreathed in a perpetual smile.

"We're for you, Jimmy old man!" was the continual cry.

And they were, too!

The Mayor's popularity in Paris was such, and his pictures had been so often printed in the Parisian papers, that he was recognized and cheered wherever he went, until it really became embarrassing to him.

So on Monday, the day of the great parade, Mayor Walker determined that he would view the spectacle from the balcony of the Hotel Crillon, just outside of his own suite. His guests were: Former Ambassador Moore, Claire Briggs of the New York *Tribune*, Rube Goldberg (the famous cartoonist) and Mrs. Goldberg, Ina Claire, Maj. James L. Blackwell, who came over representing the 77th Division, and Mrs. Blackwell, Miss Evelyn Wagner, Mrs. James J. Walker, Mr. Wm. Fleishman of Cincinnati, Mrs. Dorothy Caruso, Capt. Sydney Gumpartz, the holder of the Congressional Medal won in the World War and one of New York's outstanding heroes, Commissioner Walter Herrick, Commissioner Wm. McCormack, Countess Taxis-Turin, Wm. Dods-worth, General Manager of the American Express Co., and many others.

But Paris was not going to be content with that! The parade assembled at the Place d'Iena and passed the beautiful George Washington Monument, which received over a hundred thousand salutes that day. The parade moved down the Avenue d'Iena, around the Place d'Etoile under the Arc de Triomphe and down the Champs Elysee to the Place de la Concorde, where, at a distance of some five hundred yards from the Hotel Crillon, two grandstands had been erected.

Thence the parade turned into the Rue Royale as far as the Madeleine Church; up the Boulevard des Capucines to the Opera, and down the Avenue de l'Opera into the Rue de Rivoli and the Hotel de Ville, where another reviewing stand had been placed. The paraders marched eight abreast, in the center of the street, and all along the line.

At the Place des Etats-Unis the parade filed before the monument to Alan Seeger, that young New York poet, whose "I have a rendezvous with death" will long be remembered. All eyes were turned left here, and all standards dipped in salute before the memorial.

The parade under the Arc de Triomphe was memorable for the fact that only for the second time in history were the chains let down, by special order of the French Government, so that the parade might pass under the Arch itself. And here, as the veterans passed the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, red, white and blue blossoms were dropped until the sacred slab was hidden by a million petals.

Even from the balcony of the Hotel Crillon the sight of these marching legions was a thrilling one; the flashing steel, the brilliant colors, and the strains of multitudinous military bands added to the glory of the scene.

But it seems that Marshal Foch and General Gouraud and the National Commander of the American Legion, Howard P. Savage, had missed the genial presence of the Mayor and that all insisted on his presence on the grandstand. Marshal Foch sent his aide, Captain l'Hopital, in company with Major Deegan, to insist that the Mayor join them.

The Place de la Concorde was packed with a dense mass of humanity, but the military and the gendarmes soon recognized the Mayor and made a passage for him through the crowd. This was the more easily done for the crowd recognized him, silk hat and all, and even the French policemen elbowed each other out of the way so that he might have a clear path.

Even as he came to the reviewing stand, and was invited to a place between Marshals Foch and Petain, he was cheered.

Then the Legionnaires must have spotted him, even among the brilliant uniforms which surrounded him, for, though the delegations from Arizona, Florida and Illinois had passed, here came a New Jersey delegation which, instead of being all alert with "eyes right" as they passed the officers, astounded the crowd by yelling, as with one voice:

"Hello, Jimmy!"

The mayor hardly knew what to do. But Marshal Foch grinned broadly at this impromptu salute, and the Mayor doffed his hat. Then the California delegation came by and up went a shout:

"There's Jimmy!"

Pennsylvania's delegation also picked out the Mayor and cheered him, followed by New Hampshire's and then by Ohio's. When a detachment of New York policemen marched by, followed by the John Wanamaker Post, all in new uniforms and with a platoon of pretty girls in blue and white, the whole parade seemed to turn into a "Jimmy Walker" demonstration and, to make it worse, some enthusiast struck up by singing:

"East Side, West Side," until the song passed all down the line.

No man but must have been intensely proud of such a spontaneous demonstration of friendship and popularity, but it really embarrassed the Mayor, who felt all the cheers should go to the French Military leaders and to General Pershing, so he did all he could to shrink back into the shadows and he waved his top-hat no more.

But oh, what a day that was!

The American Legion Convention was held at the Trocadero and the next morning, escorted by Major Deegan, the Mayor of New York attended the Convention. He said he came there as a private citizen, but the minute he was recognized by the crowd, all formal business ceased and he was cheered for five minutes.

Commander Savage, of the Legion, begged the Mayor to come up to the stand. The Mayor protested that he could not say anything to that crowd which could make them any better Americans than they had already proved themselves to be, but they insisted on a speech. He said:

"I am authorized by law and by choice, to bring you the felicitation of the people of New York City, and to bring across the Atlantic these heart throbs, that they may mingle with you in spirit. I want you to know that they, back home, are still rooting for you to give another lesson to the world of what a real 100 per cent. American is—God's greatest gift to mankind! It will be a joy indeed to report the animated hospitality which your French comrades have tendered you. That traditional affection between the peoples of France and the United States has been emphasized and re-emphasized during your visit; and I hope there will be no doubt, when you have gone your way, that the America of today is the America of 150 years ago, and that the affection which France won then, it still has, only in a greater degree. I got forty-eight thrills in less than an hour at the Place de la Concorde yesterday as the forty-eight banners of the States marched by.

"When you come back, New York, which is the gateway of America, will welcome you home!"

The last day in Paris was spent in formal calls and leave-takings, save for a luncheon given by the Legion of New York in the Mayor's honor, at the Continental Hotel, at which, among other notable guests, were M. Raymond Poincare, President of the Cabinet and Minister of Finance; Aristide Briand, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Marshal Foch, General Gouraud; Former Ambassador Alexander Moore, Princess Taxis-Turin, William Fleishman, M. Jules Jusserand, former French Ambassador; M. Louis Delsol, President of the Municipal Council; M. Andre Tardieu, Minister of Public Works; Thomas Neilson, N. Y. County Commander of the Legion; A. Sheldon Whitehouse, State Commander; Wm. A. Shoal, Surrogate John P. O'Brien, Major James L. Blackwell (representing the 77th Regiment—which is New York's "own"), Mrs. James J. Walker, Miss Evelyn Wagner, Commissioner Wm. McCormack, Commissioner Walter Herrick, Wm. Dodsworth, and the Chief of Police Chappe, over 850 Legionnaires from New York, and their friends. The speakers on this occasion were: Marshal Foch, General Gouraud, Col. Shoal, State Commander of the Legion; Thomas Neilson, N. Y. County Commissioner of the Legion and a policeman, who presented Mayor Walker with a life honor membership in the General Lafayette Police Post of the American Legion, which has on its roster 1,800 New York policemen who served in the World War. The final speaker was Mayor Walker. Major William F. Deegan was chairman of the luncheon.

The next afternoon, the Gare Saint Lazare was crowded with people when the Mayor and his party drove up to take the boat-train for Havre, to meet the *SS. Ile de France*. At a last lunch-

eon at the Hotel Crillon, Mayor Walker had as his guests former Ambassador Moore and Mrs. Dorothy Caruso. After luncheon, Major Helwig of the Legion, who had been detailed to act as aide to the Mayor, in Paris, and who had been of the greatest assistance in every emergency, presented to Gaston Doumergue, President of France, a handsomely inscribed flag of the City of New York, on behalf of the Mayor. The President of France sent word that this flag should be hung in a place of honor in the Elysee Palace.

Undoubtedly, the Mayor looked tired as he made his way through the enthusiastic crowd at the station where men, women and children waved him farewell and cheered him without stint.

Once more, and for the last time in Paris, he faced with his usual smile, the battery of cameras. His final words before boarding the boat-train, were to a French newspaper man who asked for a farewell message:

"Dear old Paris," he said. "A great city with a heart of gold! But all the delightful places I have visited in Europe, and all the delightful times I have had while abroad will be wonderful memories with which to sweeten my next delightful moment when I again return to my own people and my own dear old New York."

And with a parting smile and a friendly wave of the hand, he left Paris behind him.



## CHAPTER X

### WITH FACE TURNED HOMEWARD

On the Beautiful *Ile de France*—The Mayor's Final European  
Message to the Press—Cables of Congratulation—  
The Ship's Concert Presided Over by the Mayor  
—The Whales Come Out to Meet the Ship—  
The Mayor Declines Public Reception.





## WITH FACE TURNED HOMEWARD

The beautiful *Ile de France*! How Mayor Walker's eyes lighted up as he saw her waiting at Havre—ready to carry him home!

He was glad, you may be sure, that the last lap of his journey was at hand. He had traveled fast and hard, had had some delightful pleasure and a lot of hard work; the pleasant acclamations of a host of new friends were ringing in his ears, but he was tired; he yearned for home.

The train drew right up alongside the pier, which was brilliantly decorated with American and French flags. Lined up, on either side, were four battalions of French infantry accompanied by a famous French war band of over a hundred pieces, and, as the Mayor stepped from the train, the band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," followed by the "Marseillaise."

The Mayor was then greeted by the Mayor of Havre and his deputies, and presented to the president of the Chamber of Commerce and many other distinguished officials of the French Line and members of the French press. At the conclusion of these ceremonies on the pier, the party went immediately to the Grand Salon on the *Ile de France*, where felicitations were exchanged by the French officials and the Mayor.

Almost immediately, the lines were cast off and, as the *Ile de France* pulled out of her berth, her bow pointed toward the sea; three large tugs which had been provided by the French Government as an escort, accompanied her. They drew

alongside and it was seen that the decks of these tugs were covered with the escorting troops of the French infantry and the French band, which continued to play popular airs, as it escorted the *Ile de France* for several miles. From the shore, the harbor searchlights were playing on the ship as she vanished into the distance, and the last words that the Mayor heard were the fittingly transposed words of the popular song, "Goodbye, France; Hello, Broadway."

\* \* \*

If there were the slightest doubt in the mind of any one that James J. Walker had, throughout this entire trip, put duty before pleasure, such a doubt would be instantly dissolved by the few serious words he said, in departing from France, to the correspondent of the *New York Times*. It is worth reproducing here, for it is his own earnest and serious retrospect of what the trip abroad had meant, not only to him as an individual, but as the Chief Executive, looked up to and respected by over six million people who believe in him.

His laconic summing up was in these words:

"I feel myself enormously benefited by the insight into foreign municipal processes which was afforded me by this trip. London, with its fine old traditions and courtesy; Dublin, with its progressive spirit, born of national independence; Berlin, with its spick and span cleanliness and efficiency; Rome, with its modern vitality and ancient loveliness; Paris, with its cultural eminence—to visit these great cities and study their systems of government has been a privilege and a pleasure. In each I found much to admire and many things of profound interest.

“What, after all, impressed me most throughout Europe were the complications of municipal administration compared with our own. I realized for the first time how fortunate is the City of New York in having its own entity and sovereignty clearly defined by charter which, while by no means perfect, nevertheless assures the municipal authorities freedom of scope and action.

“On this side of the Atlantic I have found it is impossible to ascertain where the municipal power ends and the state or national power steps in. The two, or, in the case of the German cities, three, governmental machines interlock and overlap in such fashion as to perplex a student of New York City’s system. We know exactly what we can do, and nowadays we can do almost everything without state or federal interference or sanction.

“Over here, the municipalities are at the mercy of the national and state governments. In Berlin, for instance, the police are under the supreme command of the Prussian State. In Paris, the Prefect of the Seine, appointed by the French Government, has powers, that in some circumstances, exceed those of the municipal authority. New York City, in comparison with these capitals, has prerogatives almost equivalent to those of a European state.

“I devoted much attention to the European endeavors to solve the housing problem and to the public hospitals. One city, I have found, stands ahead of them all in these respects. There is no metropolis I have seen

in Europe which can show a hospital building program equivalent to ours. Of course, few, perhaps none, could afford to spend \$16,000,000 for that purpose. Our hospitals, individually, moreover, are superior both in modern and scientific equipment for the treatment of patients. I believe the same is true of our schools.

"Summing up my impressions; I am bound to say that New York City contrasts more than favorably with the cities I have seen over here. My trip has shown me that we are getting good value for the half billion dollars we spend annually to run our town.

"The trip was wonderful; the scenery gorgeous; every bit of it was enjoyable and marvellously interesting and educating, but the happiest moment of it all's starting for home."

Within a few hours the steamer touched at Plymouth for mail and English passengers, the Mayor's last contact with the Old World.

Again seriousness was upon him and to a newspaper man who interviewed him at Plymouth he gave his final message to the British press. He said:

"I am taking the opportunity afforded by the fact that my steamer touches Plymouth, so that my last contact with the Old World will be with the British shore, to ask you to express for me to the press of Great Britain and Ireland my appreciation and gratitude for the many courtesies and hearty welcome accorded me.

"I want to do this now as I have sometimes been charged with being habitually late. In one thing, I hope always to be punctual, and that it is in remembering such wonderful kindness as that extended by the British people. You people of the

press and you people who are kin to mine in blood and common speech must blame yourselves if it is your overwhelming courtesy and evident goodwill that bring me back again."

The voyage home was uneventful. The sea was kindly, the winds fair and the *Ile de France* so comfortable a ship, that the Mayor was able in the five days of the westward passage to get some much-needed rest.

One of his first tasks was to send farewell radiograms to those of his hosts in Paris who had been so kind to him. These are some he sent off at the first opportunity:

"To Marshal Ferdinand Foch:

"Away from the shores of France, let me renew my expressions of admiration and affection."

"To M. Delsol, President of the Municipal Council of Paris:

"My dear colleague: The reception by the City of Paris will always remain in my memory a precious souvenir. On leaving France I send you farewell and thanks.

"To M. Chiappe, Prefect of Police in Paris:

"Renewed congratulations on the efficiency of the Paris police. My gratitude for your personal interest and attention is still growing. I hope to have the opportunity to tell you in person in New York."

"To General John J. Pershing:

"I regret that I had no opportunity to bid you farewell before leaving. Please be assured of my admiration and my best wishes for your continued health and success in your great work in the erection of memorials in France."

"To M. Boujou, Prefect of the Seine:

"May I not again express to you my hearty thanks for the splendid welcome accorded to us by the Department of the Seine?"

"To General Gouraud, Military Governor of Paris:

"No feature of my wonderful reception by a marvelous city stands out so affectionately in my memory as my meeting with you, dear general."

"To Howard P. Savage, Past National Commander of the American Legion:

"Dear Commander: Renewed congratulations to you upon the marvelous reunion of the Legion in France and your personal success."

There was a goodly company on board, and many personal friends of the Mayor. Among them were Mrs. Robert Hilliard, Rube Goldberg and his charming wife and youngsters, with whom the Mayor used to play; Lottie Pickford and Mrs. Tom Mix going back home to "Movietown"; Florence Mills, whose untimely death was such a loss to the stage and to her race; Walter Damrosch, the musical director; Serge Koussevitzky, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; W. H. Schoelkopf, secretary to the American Embassy in Paris; August Thysson, the great German industrialist; Otto Loeb; the Duke Francesco Ruspoli de Morignano; Ernest Piexotta, the artist; Mrs. James Roosevelt; Mrs. W. H. English of Indianapolis; Mr. Lucien Boulanger, General Ferrier, Mr. Emile Girardeau, Commandant Brenot, Mr. Brun, Mr. Hoche, Mr. Poulaine, Mr. Plane, all of the French Mission to the International Conference of Washington; Count E. Oppendorf; Mr. Biedermann, Mr. Hein, Mr. Garweg, of the Norddeutscher Lloyd Line;

Charles Hackett, Anna Case, Ruth Donnelly, Ramon and Rosita, Irene and Dario, Irvin Aaronson and his Commanders, and Miss Ruth Lorraine Close, all representing the theater; Munir Sureya Bey, General Consul to Turkey; Prince Ibrahim Mohamed Ali; B. and Ph. Zittenfield, the Channel swimmers; Hon. Hugh Wallace; Hon. and Mrs. Martin Vogel; Hon. Judge Joseph H. Schwab; Judges C. A. Wilson, Rutherford and Lezanski; Col. Y. J. Kerrigan; Col. H. Barre; Hon. and Mrs. E. W. Phillips; Mr. and Mrs. George L. Blanc; Mr. E. Hoffman, vice-president First National City Bank; Mr. Charles DeForest, son of the President of Southern Pacific; Mrs. Griswold Bourne; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Keller, Director of the Ritz; Mrs. James Parrish; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Livermore; Mr. and Mrs. E. Y. Sparks; Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Spaulding; Mr. and Mrs. E. Cadgene; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Walker; Mr. and Mrs. D. Guggenheim; Mr. J. Bourgeois, and Miss R. Brazier of the *New York Herald*.

The voyage was without incident or accident. In spite of the fact that Mayor Walker took his meals in his own suite he soon was, as he had been on the *Berengaria*, the most popular man on board. He, again, was the most popular auctioneer at the ship's pools. It was he who presided over the ship's concert on behalf of the Seamen's Institute and pleaded for liberal subscriptions from the passengers; himself showing the way to start a fund.

The concert was really a remarkable one in the way of talent, for Miss Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera sang with no less an accompanist than Walter Damrosch; Charles Hackett sang; Florence Mills danced. Other performers were: Irene and Dario; Rosita and Ramon; Rube

Goldberg, who did a cartoon of the Mayor, which "Jimmy" signed and which was auctioned off for 2500 francs, the money going to the Seamen's Fund. The program is reproduced below:

P R O G R A M

Marche Militaire . . . . . *F. Schubert*  
*Orchestra*

MR. HECTOR FULLER  
will present

RUTH LORRAINE CLOSE

Solo Harpist of Portland Symphony Orchestra  
ANNA CASE

Metropolitan Opera

Accompanied by WALTER DAMROSCH

CHARLES HACKETT

Chicago Opera

Accompanied by WALTER DAMROSCH

New York Symphony Orchestra

Address by

HONORABLE JAMES J. WALKER

Collection made by

MRS. E. S. DOUGLAS — MISS M. STRAUSS

MISSSES BERNICE and PHYLLIS ZITTENFIELD

MISS M. WEITH

CHARLES HACKETT

ANNA CASE

NATIONAL ANTHEMS

at 10:30 in the Grand Salon

DARIO AND IRENE

from the Ambassadeurs, Paris

FLORENCE MILLS and U. S. THOMPSON

Stars of the Blackbirds

RAMON AND ROSITA

Opening at Mirador, October 6th

RUBE GOLDBERG

IRVING AARONSON AND HIS COMMANDERS

from the Ambassadeurs, Paris

Opening at the Roxy, October 8th

Of course, there was a pool on the Dempsey-Tunney boxing contest. The numbers were drawn out of a hat and the Mayor drew the ticket which said:

"Tunney in the Tenth Round."

The radio from America, that night, sent the steward hunting up the Mayor to pay him the money.

The next day there was a little excitement as we neared the Newfoundland Banks and found ourselves in the midst of the fishing fleet and, soon thereafter, someone nautically inclined, yelled:

"There she blows!"

We found the *Ile de France* the center of a huge school of whales, spouting in every direction and some of the largest right alongside the ship. But even this was not sufficient to divert the Mayor's mind from the fact that he was nearing home.

Another sign was that the Mayor began to get radiograms from Grover Whalen and the Committee on Receptions, who said they had arranged for the Mayor to leave the ship at Quarantine and to board the *Macom* preparatory to a parade up Broadway to City Hall.

"I'm not a channel swimmer or a flyer," he said. "Im just a tired Mayor going home to work and rest. I want to get home!"

\* \* \*



CHAPTER XI  
A TIRED MAYOR HOME AGAIN  
AMONG HIS OWN

2



## CHAPTER XI

### A TIRED MAYOR HOME AMONG HIS OWN

HAD Mayor Walker not set his face firmly against it, his return to his home town would have been marked by a reception and a public welcome which would probably have been one of the wildest, most enthusiastic and spontaneous demonstrations that New York—case-hardened as she is in the reception of Kings and Princes and heroes of the air and sea—had ever known.

But the innate modesty of the man—one of his strongest, but not superficially-to-be-seen characteristics—would have none of it.

As the good ship *Ile de France* neared port many radiograms from Grover Whalen brought the news of how eagerly Manhattan was waiting to receive her native son back home again. They wanted him to leave the ship at Quarantine; to board the *Macom* and to proceed down the Bay with sirens shrieking, fireboats saluting; guns firing salutes and airship escorts flying overhead. One can imagine what the parade up Broadway from the Battery would have been!

But he set his face against it.

"I'm just a tired Mayor glad to be getting home," he said. "We'll stick to the ship 'til she docks and then I'll get away as quickly as I can and slip into the old home at 6 St. Luke's Place, in Greenwich Village.

And not all of Grover Whalen's eloquence could alter his determination.

In very truth the Mayor was fagged out. Half way across the ocean he had an attack of lumbago and consulting Dr. Garbot, of Lenox Hill Hospital, who was a fellow passenger, he was ordered on a strict diet and advised to rest as much as possible.

"I will be the best citizen in the world from now on," he said, with a smile, "from now on the Eighteenth Amendment goes."

And yet, on the last night of the voyage the Mayor would not forego the joy of being the guest of honor at a dinner tendered by the Captain and the Director-General of the French Line to the American Legionnaires aboard. They noticed that he refrained from eating and drinking, but he laughed this off in his speech; remarking that he had developed a mild case of lumbago from "too much bowing to the crowned heads of Europe."

The next morning broke fine and clear and the smell of land—the breath of America—was in the air. For the first time in its history the *Ile de France* flew from its foremast peak the flag of the City of New York. The Mayor noticed this as soon as he came on deck; doffed his hat to the well-known colors, and was visibly pleased.

Hardly had we turned to starboard out of the Ambrose Channel before there came the good old *Macom* out of the bay and, followed by the Hon. Grover A. Whalen, there clambered on board a host of the Mayor's friends and intimates; such men as President William H. Woodin of the American Car and Foundry Company; Assistant Mayor Kerrigan whom we had left behind us in London; Acting Mayor Joseph McKee; Commissioner of Police Joseph Warren; Paul Block; William L. DeBost, President of the New York Chamber of Commerce; L. R. Eastman, President of the

Merchants' Association; Gilbert D. Hodges, President of the Advertising Club of New York, and a small army of newspaper men.

All the way down the bay there was a brilliant reception in Mayor Walker's suite; flashlights went off, cameras clicked and there was more hand-shaking than takes place at the White House on New Year's Day.

And so, amid much confusion, many cheers, happy laughter and joyous shouting, the *Ile de France* docked. On the crowded pier the Police Band vied with the Boys' Band from the Greenwich Village Post of the American Legion in playing popular airs—"Maggie Murphy's Home"; "The Sidewalks of New York" and above all "Home, Sweet Home."

Escorted by an army of good humored police who had to fight a way through the throng eager to get a glimpse of the returning Mayor, Jimmy and his two brothers, George and Dr. William Walker were got into the reception room somehow. There, amid a thousand cheers he made a brief, but touching speech, the main theme of which was:

"Oh, boys, but I'm glad to be back home again."

To the newspaper men he said:

"Primarily, I'm glad to get back home again for a vacation. I went abroad for a rest, but the constant round of hospitality and courtesy showed me wherever I went, had us on the go constantly. Now looking everything over I can't imagine a greater show of courtesy and recognition than that which we have received abroad. To detail everything would take hours and days. But I come back joyful to know the great esteem in which Europe holds New York. Wherever I went I heard nothing but admiration for our City and it made me proud to be a New Yorker.

"Whatever leisure I had I used to learn about municipal governments abroad. I studied as best I could: housing, hospitals and water supply. New York with its charter which specifically states just what a municipality should do is not overlapped with state and national jurisdiction like many foreign cities. So I have hope we can work out our own salvation."

One of the men in the forefront of the crowd to welcome him on the pier was the Mayor's favorite barber, from the Hotel Commodore. He had been telling everybody that the Mayor had promised to bring him a pipe from abroad; so one of the newspaper men asked the Mayor if he had brought it.

"Yes," said the Mayor, "but please don't mention it. I forgot to put it on my declaration blank and it is likely to be seized by the Customs. But I have got it, all right. I always keep my promise."

He looked a little tired and worn, and at the conclusion of the handshaking and the cheering on the pier, his friends finally managed to get him into the automobile with Mrs. Walker so that he could drive home. A pleasant surprise awaited him at his old home in St. Luke's where in front of his house were gathered hundreds of boys of the neighborhood and all he could hear as he alighted was the chorus of young voices shouting out:

"Welcome Home, Jimmy."

With a happy face he turned to the boys and just for a moment before he closed the front door he waved his hand to them in appreciation of their greeting.

Although the town of New York felt some regret and anxiety over the fact that Mayor Walker had not returned from his voyage a thoroughly

well man, it was reassured the next morning when he arrived at the City Hall ready for work and a Board of Estimate meeting at so early an hour that even the doors were not yet unlocked.

At eleven o'clock that morning, he presided over a meeting of the Sinking Fund Committee and he had to dash over to the Aldermanic Chamber of City Hall to receive the Japanese Admiral and the officers of the Japanese Navy, which was then in New York harbor. He gave them a hearty welcome to the City and in reply to the carefully-modulated English of the Japanese Admiral, he said:

"That's the best English I've heard in several weeks," he declared. Then, shaking hands cordially, he dashed off to attend the first luncheon given in his honor at the Astor Hotel, tendered by the Advertising Club of New York.

Hailed everywhere as the man who had done more to carry New York's spirit of good-will abroad and who had acted as an advertising man for the greatest city on the Atlantic seaboard, it was eminently fitting that the "Welcome Home" luncheon to Mayor Walker should be given by the Advertising Club of New York. The luncheon was held in the Golden Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Astor and the presiding officer at the luncheon was the Hon. Grover Whalen who is one of the directors of the Advertising Club of New York.

It was one of the largest luncheons ever given in the Grand Ballroom of the Astor—over three thousand people were accommodated with seats and there were half as many more trying in vain to get in. The speakers' table held a notable array of guests, among them being: Paul Block, president, Paul Block, Inc.; James Wright Brown, publisher, Editor and Publisher; Barron Collier, president, Street R'ways Advertising Co.; Kent Cooper

general manager, Associated Press; Hon. Royal S. Copeland; P. E. Crowley, president, New York Central Railroad; J. M. Davis, president, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad; James C. Dayton, *New York Evening Journal*; William L. DeBost, president, Chamber of Commerce, State of New York; William T. Dewart, president, *New York Sun*; Hon. John J. Dorman; Hon. Bernard Downing; Lee J. Eastman, president, Broadway Association; L. R. Eastman, president, Merchants' Association; Col. Michael Friedsam, president, Fifth Avenue Association; Bernard F. Gimbel, vice-president, Gimbel Brothers; Hon. Albert Goldman; His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes; Hon. Harry Heher; Hon. Walter Herrick; Gilbert T. Hodges, president, Advertising Club of New York; Hon. Charles Kerrigan; Hon. William McCormack; Hon. Joseph V. McKee, president, Board of Aldermen; George F. Mand; Hon. Dwight W. Morrow; Hon. George P. Nicholson; James O'Shaughnessy, executive secretary, A. A. A. A.; Francis H. Sisson, vice-president, Guaranty Trust Company; Herbert Bayard Swope, executive editor, *The World*; Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion; Hon. Robert F. Wagner; Hon. Joseph A. Warren; Grover A. Whalen, general manager, John Wanamaker, toastmaster; Louis Wiley, of the *New York Times*, and Mayor James J. Walker, Guest of Honor.

A happy note was struck by one of the first speakers at the luncheon, the Hon. Joseph V. McKee, president of the Board of Aldermen who had been acting as Mayor of New York during Jimmy Walker's absence. He made his speech as a sort of report to his chief and he incidentally paid him many compliments as a man and as an

official. But Mr. McKee desired to record a complaint; he said that Grover Whalen had been a "complete bust" when it came to providing distinguished guests for the acting Mayor to meet. Said Mr. McKee:

"No sooner does the Mayor arrive than they provide a flock of Japanese admirals for him to meet, and all I did all the time that Jimmy was gone was to shake hands with two bathing beauties and a broken-down actor from Omaha."

Speeches of compliment, affection and esteem were made by Paul Block, who said he spoke not as a publisher but as a personal friend of the guest of honor; by Mr. William L. DeBost, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York; by Mr. L. R. Eastman, president, Merchants' Association; by Col. Michael Friedsam, president, Fifth Avenue Association; by Mr. Lee J. Eastman, president, Broadway Association. The last speaker on the list was president Gilbert T. Hodges, of the Advertising Club of New York, who took occasion to present to the Mayor, on behalf of the Advertising Club, a beautifully bound portfolio, collected and designed by H. L. V. Parkhurst, containing a complete pictorial story of the Mayor's trip from the day he left New York until he landed back home again. The portfolio was bound in full morocco and bore a gold-plate beautifully inscribed as a souvenir of the occasion.

In spite of the fact that it was "Hello, Jimmy" wherever he went about town on this the first day of his return, all the way from the City Hall to the Astor Hotel, it seemed that the Mayor arrived at the luncheon to be given in his honor in an unusually serious mood. He insisted to those who hailed him that he had come home "to give renewed service to his city." To Gilbert T. Hodges, and the

other members of the Advertising Club of New York, who met him in the chamber set apart for the guests of honor, he continued in this vein:

"Why, I was even so enthusiastic I was here on time today," he told the advertising men. "Please believe I have not changed my notion about the clock. I don't like men who start and end by the clock. But you can find some comfort from the fact that in my every waking hour I love New York. There is not anything in the world I would not do for this great city; nor anything I've got that I would not give for it.

"And, don't, please, confuse that predisposition or that anxiety to smile or to laugh as my desire to take life lightly. Please, sometimes think, that behind the smile or even perhaps when you see that laugh or hear that wise-crack, as they call it, there may be something deeper down—and that something may be worriment about the affairs of the City we all love.

"There may be an anxiety that I would not betray; and rather than betray it, I would rather reach out for a laugh which may hide the deep anxiety. Please be assured I am deeply and gratefully moved and desire to be worthy of this great occasion."

When it came time for the Mayor to speak, all the preliminary compliments being out of the way, the Mayor was quick to notice that Gene Tunney, the world's heavyweight champion, had a seat on the dais, and the Mayor won a cheer for the good-looking pugilist when he remarked that even while he was abroad he had heard that "Greenwich Village had been well represented in Chicago."

In a serious vein and with an earnestness somewhat unusual to him, the Mayor thanked all the heads of the civic organizations who had pledged



*The Mayor and Mrs. Walker Were Glad to See the Skyline  
of New York Again*



their fealty to him and declared that he would call on all of them to help him serve the city when he got back into harness. He reviewed briefly some of the incidents on his trip abroad and declared that one thing he was sure of on returning home and that was that New York was the greatest city in the world.

He seemed to take a special delight in paying a compliment to Joseph V. McKee for the way he had handled the city's affairs in his absence and at the same time he seemed to indicate that it would please him if the Aldermanic President might be chosen to succeed him as Mayor. For he said:

"The joy of coming home has been tremendously augmented by finding things at home in good order. I would not have gone away if I had not known Joe McKee. I wanted you to get a close-up of this, my friend of many years, and my former colleague in the legislature—the present president of the Board of Aldermen. I don't mind telling you in confidence that I wanted the people of the City of New York to see Joe McKee in action as Mayor of the City of New York in vindication of the fine thoughts I have had about him for a long time."

Then the Mayor referred with some emphasis to the criticism which he had first made at the American Club in Paris of those "pseudo-Americans" who go about sneering at their own country. Said he:

"It was almost blood-curdling and revolting for one of our own people to be abroad and hear those who call themselves Americans trying to assume the accent of those who live in some other country. It is absolutely disgusting to hear them say with a mock English accent: 'Oh, yes, of course, I am an American, but not one of the rabble.'

"Where is the rabble in our life? Who is the rabble in America? Is it the boys who did not go out to see the parade, but went over to serve the others, or is it our men in commerce and finance and in industry who have challenged and compelled the admiration and respect of all the civilized world?

"Who is there in this city that any one need apologize for; in this city that opens its gates to all the world, and welcomes people from all over the world, and makes good Americans of them? Of all the people I have ever known I am compelled to admire Englishmen for the fact that the further an Englishman gets from England the more English he becomes and the more he brags of being English. He must have his tea, just as he did at home, and no food is good except that upon which he was brought up. And yet we have—well, what I heretofore called red hot Americans at home and lukewarm Americans abroad who can't be annoyed with American dishes.

"Even the greatest living hero, the man the whole world admires and loves, Charles Lindbergh, was told he could not have an American breakfast when he got to Paris, by an American. Thank God your Mayor was born of stuff, at least, to insist upon being even more American while he was over there than he would think of seeming to be, or talking about while he was at home.

"Visiting the Governor of Rome, your Mayor, if you please, took off his hat to the statue of Christopher Columbus who made it possible for you and me to live in a place where we could be on level with ourselves and all the world."

The Mayor declared that he had had some time to observe and study municipal problems in the cities he visited in Europe, but that his social and official schedule had been so exacting on the trip that he

couldn't be alone long enough to observe conditions at first hand. He said they had rushed him about so much that he had been in the same position as distinguished guests who come to New York, who are brought to the City Hall, dragged out to dinners, and hurry away without knowing anything about the real city. He described a "day of rest" in Dublin which kept him on the go until 2:30 a. m.

The Mayor referred to religious intolerance during his address. He declared it was the spirit of Ireland today for the members of all churches to work together.

"If I hadn't another message to bring our people," he said, "I am going to rely upon this thought of Ireland, after its many years of being torn asunder because of a religious question, is willing to lay it aside, and the members of all religions are willing to march forward, hand in hand, and in sympathy with each other. Where in the name of God Himself, is there any place for intolerance in the rest of the world?"

The Mayor said then that he expected to get back fully into the course of his official duties that day, when he would be "on time" at the meeting of the Board of Estimate at the City Hall to consider the heavy calendar of many important matters which had accumulated and had been deferred for action until his return.

How fitting it was that the first official reception to Mayor Walker should have been tendered by New York's Advertising Club, was wonderfully demonstrated a little later when he spoke at a home-coming dinner at the Hotel Biltmore. This was given by a number of business men headed by Abe April and such associates as George Gordon Battle, Paul J. Bonwit, John M. Bowman, James H. Cullen, Joseph P. Day, H. H. Engel, Col.

Friedsam, Bernard F. Gimbel, Joseph Le Blang, Edward Staats Luther, H. H. Mallinson, C. Stanley Mitchell, Edgar Park, Nichols M. Schenck, Lee Shubert, John F. Walsh, Jr., William H. Woodin, and Adolph Zukor.

At the dinner the Mayor referred to the fact that he had been hailed as the advertising man for New York, but he said:

"I have never tried to be an advertising influence for the City of New York. And let me say, forced as I am at least to be frank with you, that the reception with which the Mayor of the City of New York met was not for him personally, but it was because he was the Mayor of this city that you are such an important part of. No, while the compliment is sweet—and surely it is appreciated—please believe that I would rather be a walking advertisement for a real housing condition in the City of New York that would eliminate forever the slums within its boundaries. I would rather be the advance agent of a perfect system of transportation within our city, and that itself would be the highest form of advertising and the greatest pleasure that any human could entertain within himself.

"I would like to be the salesman to the tax payers of New York and hope to be.

"Together with my colleagues in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment I would like to be the salesman of this new budget we are writing, and that would be salesmanship! If appreciation, if a determination to do everything that lies within the power of the Mayor is salesmanship to those who will come after us, then I would appreciate the compliment of being that kind of a salesman.

"When this term of Mayor will have expired," he went on, "I shall have done with public life, I shall have left this city of my birth which opened

up its arms to my father and gave him an opportunity he could not get in the city of his birth. I hope I shall have left this city as good as when I came into it; and if I shall have left it better, that will be the proudest day of my life."

At the conclusion of the dinner, Aldermanic President Joseph V. McKee presented the Mayor with a black pearl shirt stud and, at the same time, presented him for Mrs. Walker a beautiful diamond brooch.

\* \* \*

And did the ceremonial welcomes home end here? Let the contemporary press answer. For day by day, ever since that sunshiny afternoon when the *Ile de France* brought him home, the daily papers have recorded how genuine, sincere and continuous have been the welcomes accorded him from the hearts of the people.

Not to many men is given the privilege of knowing—while still in the high-tide and joy of life—of the sure, abiding place they have won in the affections of the people. But James J. Walker, Mayor of New York, has enjoyed that privilege. He has won the faith and the confidence of those amidst whom he grew in his ability to serve, and they have been overjoyed at all he has been able to accomplish, and by calling him "Our Jimmy," they have acclaimed him as their own.

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**CHAPTER XII**  
**SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER**





## SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER

It has seemed to me that in making the story of the trip abroad of the Mayor of New York, it would be fitting that I should lift from their ephemeral abiding place for this more permanent record some of the editorial comment that was made by the leading New York newspapers during Mayor Walker's absence.

At least, these indicate something of the respect and trust and affection in which he was held during his absence. Some of the quotidian reports in the newspapers seemed to have a tendency to record only the lighter side of the Mayor's journeyings through Europe. The fact that he was late for some appointments was emphasized, but the fact that the insistent hospitality of his friends had provided so many appointments that no one human being could possibly fill them all, was not mentioned in mitigation. A particularly noteworthy instance of this was the ado made about the Mayor having received the Mayor and other officials of Cherbourg, France, in his pajamas and dressing gown. The papers which made headlines out of this incident neglected to mention the important fact that the Cherbourg officials came up, without previous warning, at 5:30 o'clock in the morning! It was only the demands of courtesy which made the Mayor hurry from bed to receive his guests.

But that, on the whole, the high purposes of Mayor Walker in making this visit to the capitals of Europe were understood and appreciated by the people he had been elected to serve is unmistakably shown by the thoughtful editorials from

which, in order to round out this picture of "Abroad with the Mayor," I am quoting.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* said:

"The idea was his own, but Mayor Walker might easily get an overwhelming mandate for his peregrinations abroad. There is poetic justice in this official welcomer of foreign visitors to New York reversing roles with distinguished Europeans, and New York is proud of the way in which her Mayor is being received. It is gratifying to have strangers show their appreciation of the man who is as popular at home as he is abroad."

The New York *World* said:

"This seems to be the season for Ambassadors of friendship, and we can think of nobody who is better in that role than our distinguished Mayor, the Hon. James J. Walker. What man, woman or child in Europe will be able to resist this urbane boulevardier? The answer is simple: No such man, woman or child exists. For Jimmy is a rare study in manners; he has rakish elegance for royalty, yet retains the common touch for plain men. We have had ambassadors to Europe who have caused us acute embarrassment the details of which need not be rehearsed at this time. But we need have no misgivings over this one."

The Brooklyn *Citizen* said:

"Mayor Walker takes with him the best wishes of all good citizens of Greater New York. His wanderings abroad ought to be helpful as a 'good-will prilgrimage.' To him they are bound to be informative and inspiring. We do not know in America all that it

is possible to know about the best municipal governments."

The New York *Telegram* said:

"One thing likeable about New York's popular Mayor is that he doesn't take either his job or himself too seriously. He appears to have common sense enough to understand that it isn't necessary that a man cease to be human when he puts on a plug hat and a long-tailed coat. He has a sense of humor and a pretty good understanding of what the people of New York want. Mainly, they want to be happy. They'd rather laugh than cry, and they'll forgive Mayor Jimmy coming late to make a speech of welcome so long as he will kid himself as well as them, and give them a good laugh to begin with. Mayor Jimmy doesn't look up or down, but on the level—right at the folks. So they feel that he belongs, he's one of them—Jimmy Walker, New Yorker."

The New York *Evening World* said:

"When the Prince of Wales goes on his travels he is happily described by his English admirers as the 'Empire's Traveling Salesman.' Efficient though he may be, America need fear no inroads on her popularity in the marts of mankind so long as she has Mayor Jimmy Walker to match smile for smile. The winsome head of the City of New York, in his meanderings thus far has made no mistake and he is not likely to make one. Whether he receives a French Committee in his pajamas, or strolls into the smart Mayfair Hotel in London, 'dapper and smartly garbed in a double-breasted suit, panama hat, soft-collared grey shirt and blue scarf,' he

exudes geniality and good-will and 'sells America.' Verily, the Prince of Wales may be a good salesman, but he will find the going hard after Jimmy Walker has smiled upon his customers, sung them a song, and sold little old New York."

The New York *Herald-Tribune* said:

"Unlike some of the distinguished products of Fourteenth Street, Mr. Walker has cultivated the social graces, and can, at his own pleasure, delete the Tammany idiom from his speech. He can be happy in his remarks upon those formal occasions when many of his countrymen are either embarrassed or tedious. The fact that his father was an Irish immigrant has not embittered him against the nation with which Ireland has had differences from time to time. Indeed, he is not embittered against anybody, but rather looks upon all men with friendliness and with confident expectation of friendliness in return. It would be too much to say that this 'young visitor' will go as far toward cementing international friendship as did Colonel Lindbergh, but we believe that wherever he goes, he will make friends for himself and for his city and his country."

The Paris Edition of the New York *Herald* said:

"The visit to Europe of the Hon. James J. Walker, Mayor of the City of New York, may be properly described as an American success—American because he is typical of a certain kind of American not less interesting than notable. Of Mayor Walker it may be said that he represents in a pre-eminent degree American commonsense, cleverness, alertness, adaptability, humor, good humor. What has

often been termed the 'taint' of Tammany is not discernible in 'Jimmy' Walker, though he is a true child of Democratic New York. He possesses himself as few men possess themselves. What he said to the assembled Anglo-American newspapermen on Wednesday is obviously true: 'My main idea has always been to be myself.' How many politicians are trying always to appear in the eyes of the world an imaginary personage far removed from all the possibilities of their own natures, moral or intellectual! Mayor Walker has made an agreeable impression on his travels, and he may be congratulated upon a welcome which he has deserved, not only because he is the Chief Magistrate of what in some respects is the greatest city in the world, but individually."

The New York *Mirror* said:

"Most of us will be delighted to know that Mayor Walker is having the good time he has earned. And we won't feel less well represented abroad by our lively municipal ambassador in his straw hat than by some solemn individual in a topper. For, after all, this is a pretty breezy place, New York. Mayor Walker comes close to symbolizing its zestful spirit, its friendly interest in everything that's going, its humor and good nature. He will be serious when occasion demands and say the right thing, as is his habit. The rest of the time he will continue to be the life of the party, and everybody who meets him will like New York, America and Americans the better for it."

The Brooklyn *Standard* said:

"The rank and file of New York's citizenry will welcome Mr. Walker's return as that of one who has, so to speak, brought home the wealth of the Indies, although he didn't visit the Indies, but in the days that wealth was sought by intrepid navigators it was to the Indies they went. Whatever he may lack in the way of material trophies of his conquest, everybody knows that he won the admiration of Europe's statesmen and citizens, and that his genial personality reflected the good will of the American people and particularly that of the greatest city in the world. His peregrinations in foreign lands have not been in vain. It was well that he should have witnessed the manner in which European cities have solved their varied problems. The educational benefits which will accrue to him, and redound to the benefit of his home city, are immeasurable."

The New York City *Evening Post* said:

"The consensus of opinion of the eight prominent speakers and 2,000 guests at the welcome home luncheon tendered by the Advertising Club of New York to Mayor Walker at the Astor Hotel, was that if the Mayor ever decided to leave politics 'there were a good many corporations in New York who would be glad to hire him as an advertising and publicity agent.' In fact, Lee J. Eastman, president of the Broadway Association and vice-president of the club, said as much. And Gilbert T. Hodges, president of the club, went even further by saying that 'Mayor Walker is the best advertisement New York City ever had.'"

The New York City *Evening World* said:

"Thus the Mayor's tour has not been all festivity, wining and dining and dancing. He has made such a good impression by the geniality of his personality, his wit and humor; but he has observed, as he went, with the view to garnering ideas that may be useful to the municipality of New York. He will return with a broader vision, and all the more ambitious, we believe, to make his administration one of real achievement in a permanent way. The 'lady out on Bedloe's Island' will be glad to see him, and will hold her torch light high to light him in."

The Brooklyn *Standard-Union* said:

"The Mayor's trip abroad has been a fine thing for America and New York. Jimmy is a purveyor of good-will. He has sold New York to the Europeans. The people everywhere have been anxious to see the 'little man' who has a 'big job' ruling one of the largest cities of the world. Whether Jimmy looks young or old, matters little. He will be ever young while he retains his spirit of youth."

The New York City *Telegraph* said:

"Mayor Walker, while enjoying his vacation immensely, is making hay while the sun shines. He displayed his American courage parading the streets of Berlin, apparently uninterested in the Communists' threats against him—and thereby won admiration from the courageous German war lords. From the Berlin night clubs he went into the districts where the poorer residents live, studying the tenement house conditions, and into the hospitals for a close-up of how the Germans do

it. The Mayor's sojourn in the Old World will be productive of good. Some of Germany's efficiency may be applied in the Greater City upon his return."



## THANKS!

In closing, I should like to take this opportunity personally to thank those who have aided by advice and suggestions in the preparation of this volume.

There will be many names omitted, I am sure, because so many of Mayor Walker's innumerable friends volunteered their services. I am especially and gratefully indebted to: The Rev. Francis P. Duffy, Chaplain N. G. N. Y.; Major William L. Deegan; Hon. William F. McCormack, Bill Drafting Commissioner for the City of New York; Hon. Walter H. Herrick, Commissioner of Parks, Manhattan; George J. Atwell, President, National Democratic Club; Hon. Bernard Downing, Minority Leader of the N. Y. State Legislature; Colonel Barry Bulkley; Edward Carlin, Gilbert T. Hodges, President, Advertising Club of New York; Paul Block, the well-known publisher; Hon. Grover A. Whalen, Chairman of the Mayor's Committee on Receptions; William H. Woodin, Rodman Wanamaker, Harry A. Shields, William H. Rankin, Miss Evelyn Wagner, Secretary to the Mayor, and many others. May I beg them, thus, to accept my most grateful thanks.

V A L E !



PROMINENT PEOPLE  
MENTIONED IN  
THIS BOOK





## PROMINENT PEOPLE MENTIONED IN THIS BOOK

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RAY ATHERTON  
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